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POLICY OF GERMANY.

THE strong anti-Gallican feeling which Germany has displayed introduces a new and beneficial element into the political system of Europe. The Imperial champion of nationalities ought to be wakened from his dream of the past by the voice of one great community which, in spite of dynastic subdivisions, remembers in the time of danger its identity of blood and language, and seems disposed to convert its loose federal bond into an efficient principle of action. The stupid and tawdry Order of the Day which was issued at Genoa, with its enumeration of historical milestones from Marengo to Rivoli, is like an old gazetteer setting out the posting stages in the line of a modern railway. When Lodi and Arcola were carried, Prussia was taking possession of Westphalian counties and bishoprics wrested from her own friends and neighbours, in compensation for German territory on the left bank of the Rhine which the Treaty of Basle had shamefully abandoned to France. In subsequent Austrian wars, Bavaria and Saxony, Wurtemberg and the Palatinate, were dependent allies of the foreign invader who reigned over a third of Germany under the title of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine. Excepting during the final march of Europe upon Paris, the great central nation has never been united against France. In the wars of MARLBOROUGH, Bavaria served under the banners of LOUIS XIV., and MARIA THERESA accepted Madame DE POMPADOUR's aid for the purpose of revenging herself for the early successes of FREDERICK the GREAT. If the decision rested exclusively with Sovereigns, the intrigues of diplomacy might perhaps still command equal success, but the conquests and tyranny of NAPOLEON erected Germany into a nation at the very time when the ancient symbol of unity had ceased to exist by the abolition of the Holy Roman Empire.

The Congress of Vienna has been the object of some merited censure and of much exaggerated obloquy. The institution of the German Federation may be accepted as a set-off against many errors and shortcomings, although more than forty years have elapsed before it has accomplished its principal purpose. Many patriots in 1814 desired to restore the old Imperial Crown, but Austria was unwilling either to resume a limited dignity or to transfer it to any more pliable rival. Although the Congress resolved that the Sovereigns alone should be represented in the Diet, the establishment of a central authority rendered it almost impossible for any seceder to assist a foreign enemy in hostilities against the German race. NAPOLEON, when he dissolved the connexion between his vassals and their former feudal superior, at the same time abolished all the privileges and immunities by which their subjects had been protected from oppression. The Federal Union, although it left the sovereignty of the Princes in its technical sense untouched, once more brought them under the control of legal obligations, and gave the minor potentates a motive for loyal co-operation in a system which secures them from encroachment. While the rights of all the members of the Confederation are nominally the same, it is practically understood that the two great German Powers alone enjoy the privilege of making war and peace without the consent of their allies. The independence of the minor States is guaranteed by the necessity of obtaining their aid when Austria is overmatched; while the position of Prussia in Europe depends on the understanding that the wishes of Germany are, to a considerable extent, represented in the councils of Berlin. The political relation between the two leading Powers and the great body of their confederates resembles in some degree the reciprocal dependence which exists between a Government of ample prerogatives and the subjects who form the basis of its strength. The monarch in his own dominions, like Prussia and Austria in their political measures, can only act with vigour when there

is a certainty of sympathy and support; nor is it in either case safe to disregard a general demand for some definite course of action. The Prussian neutrality, which for the present is possible and even prudent, would become impossible if any German territory from the Baltic to the Adriatic were exposed to serious danger. The irritation occasioned by the Army of Observation in Alsace and Lorraine may for the moment have been partially appeased by a judicious change of denomination; but if Marshal PELISSIER should be ordered to call together the garrisons which have been placed under his command, the Rhenish States may not improbably commence a conflict in which no German Power will dare refuse to join.

The ingenious theorists who occupy themselves in devising criminal schemes of ambition for all Governments in turn, have not failed to suggest to Prussia a policy which might be eligible if it were not as dangerous as it would be treacherous and unprincipled. It is not impossible that French diplomatists may be employed in the promotion of designs which harmonize with the Russian alliance, and in general with the Bonapartist system. It is proposed that Prussia should assume the Imperial Crown, with a large extension of territory in Germany, while Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine are to be annexed to France. Projects of this kind were sufficiently rife during the reign of the first NAPOLEON to occupy the mind which broods over the familiar reminiscences of Arcola and Marengo; but there is fortunately reason to trust that the good faith and the good sense of the Regent of PRUSSIA will summarily reject all offers of aggrandizement which may be proposed as the reward of treason to the cause of Germany and Europe. It was on the eve of Auerstadt and Jena that a Prussian King accepted at the hands of France the fatal gift of Hanover; but the time is gone by when similar bargains were possible, even if German Governments could be found to sell their honour and independence to foreigners. The speech of the REGENT to the Diet is, indeed, a distinct and sufficient answer to French intriguers. Claiming the right and the duty of maintaining the national interests of Germany and the balance of power in Europe, Prussia is entitled to demand from the confidence of the Federal States the initiative in all necessary measures and the choice of the time of action. The Chambers at Berlin have unanimously voted all the grants and powers which were asked by the Government; and it is fit that the State which will bear the first brunt of the possible conflict should exercise a predominating share in the direction of the national policy. The tone of the speech is unexpectedly firm and warlike, and it is not improbable that it may exercise a pacific influence on the councils of France and of Russia. Prussia is at present holding back from a conflict in which she must assume the foremost responsibility if it ultimately proves to be inevitable; but the question is one between neutrality and war, and not of a merely arbitrary choice of sides.

The unanimity of the German States constitutes almost the only ground for hoping that the war may be local and limited in its character. The possession of Lombardy by Austria, although it flatters the national pride, can scarcely be regarded as a legitimate Federal interest; but any movement or demonstration on this side of the Alps, whether in the East or in the West, will excite an irresistible feeling of alarm and indignation. The announcement that a Russian army was to menace the frontier of Galicia has greatly increased the general hostility to France; and any further proof of concert between the two aggressive Empires would probably overcome the politic hesitation of Prussia. The undue influence which the Russian Court has long exercised over the German Sovereigns arose from a belief that the most powerful representative of despotism would support them against revolutionary movements and assist in checking the

restless ambition of France. The tardy discovery that Russian policy is not necessarily conservative has brought princes and statesmen round to the national conviction that Germany has nothing to hope from foreigners. It is fortunate that the entire suppression of liberty on the West of the Rhine has at the same time destroyed all the popular sympathies which might formerly have been attracted by the pretences of French Liberalism. Since 1814 the German nation has never been found so completely in accordance with the opinions of its rulers.

The States of the Confederation can dispose of a force which might render them an equal match for France and Russia combined; and if Denmark joined the hostile league for the purpose of carrying out her pretensions in the Duchies, it is certain that the entrance of England into the struggle could not be much longer postponed. It is to the credit of the Emperor NAPOLEON's sagacity that, having occasion for an enemy and for a cause of quarrel, he has selected an antagonist who, on the particular scene of action, is for the time exceptionally isolated. It was only against Austria that Russia could have been persuaded to co-operate; and the Italian cause neutralizes the sympathies which England would have felt for the object of any other unprovoked attack on the part of France. The war therefore commences under the conditions which are most favourable to the aggressor, and every change which takes place in the relations of belligerents or neutrals will consequently be an alteration for the worse. When the Italian quarrel is disposed of, the only remaining pretext for war will be found in the Bonapartist tradition of the necessity of incessantly employing the army. It is far more probable that Russia should draw back from an alliance which has never been permanent on former occasions than that Germany should relax in her preparations or renounce her jealousy of French ambition. It may be prudent to make the most of English neutrality, for in this instance also a change could only be dangerous to the author of the war. When the Government and the nation assert with perfect good faith the general determination to remain neutral, the implied alternative is never understood to consist in an inconceivable declaration of hostilities against Austria. If the army of Italy is destined to follow the track of the force which is figuratively described as "its elder sister," no time should be lost in getting over the ground from Mondovi to Mantua before new political complications shut up the old road by altering all the chances of the struggle.

TUSCANY.

IT is difficult to determine the exact character of the bloodless little revolutions that have occurred within the last month in Central Italy. The scale is too small, the necessities of government are too limited, the relations of men too simple to be judged by any tests which we, accustomed to the movement of a great country, can apply. Perhaps the revolution in Parma was the tiniest that the world has ever seen. The REGENT apprehended some kind of disturbance, and being a lady of good sense and peaceful habits, determined to quit the scene of Government. She left, and went off as quietly and happily, and her departure excited about as much observation, as when our QUEEN goes down to Osborne for a week's fresh air. This was the Revolution. The Government had packed up its handboxes and set off on an excursion; but as nothing whatever happened, and no one seemed to take any interest in the proceeding, the Government thought better of it, returned, took out its best bonnet, appeared in it in the midst of a confiding people, and the Revolution was over.

In Tuscany, the Revolution promises to last longer. Its Sovereign retired to Vienna, and a Provisional Government reigned in his stead until a Provisional Ministry was appointed by the King of SARDINIA. During the interlude, the Provisional Government had to settle some difficult questions, and it determined them with great gravity and subtlety. Among other things it had to discuss the propriety of acceding to a request made by the GRAND DUCHESS for her wearing apparel. To concede too much to a crowned head would have been a sad derogation from patriotic sternness—to refuse everything to a woman in distress would have been highly uncourtous. The members of the Provisional Government saw they must draw a line somewhere, and they drew it boldly. They let the GRAND DUCHESS have her linen, but declined letting her have her dresses. As long as they provided her with

the means of being clean at home, why should they assist her to show herself off at the hateful Court of Vienna? In other matters they seem also to have ruled wisely and well—to have helped to keep the quietest of European populations in tranquillity, and not to have given offence or done harm to any one. But they themselves are supposed to have suffered wrong, and strangely enough, England is the wrong-doer. An outcry has been raised against Lord MALMESBURY in a quarter where we should not have expected the invention of so imaginary a grievance. It appears that a British ship of war, sent to Tuscan waters, did not salute the flag of the Provisional Government. This is the cause of complaint; but it was scarcely to be expected that an English naval officer should have a better opinion of the Government than it had of itself. It never pretended to be exercising the sovereign power. It never in terms pronounced the GRAND DUKE to have ceased to reign. It merely held the executive power until the King of SARDINIA should say what was to be done.

He has now sent M. BUONCOMPAGNI to be Commissioner Extraordinary in Tuscany, and the Commissioner has appointed a Ministry and a Council. In a great State, the difficulties which would arise if the sovereign power were placed in abeyance would be severely felt; but a little State seems to be able to wait quite patiently until it ascertains where the sovereignty of the State is actually residing. It may turn out that, without any counter revolution of a precise kind, the GRAND DUKE may think it safe to come back, and then the GRAND DUCHESS will get her silk dresses out again, and the revolution, like that of Parma, will be over. Both Sovereign and people have agreed to wait and see what happens. And there is not a shadow of blame to be attached to any single party in the whole transaction. The GRAND DUKE was quite right to retire without shedding blood uselessly. The Tuscans honestly wished to aid the cause of Italian independence, and they gave their help in as unpretending and effectual a manner as possible. The King of SARDINIA has wisely avoided the appearance of grasping at an increase of territory. But we may be permitted to look with some misgiving on the shape which the Government of Tuscany has taken in this interim period of expectation. We hear that a Council of forty-two persons has been appointed in lieu of a representative assembly, and that this Council is to meet once a month. Here is the exact Napoleonic counterfeit of freedom. There is a gathering of respectable nominees meeting at intervals so long as to make them utterly powerless, and yet possessing a sort of outside grandeur and authority which may reconcile the people to the loss of all the substance of liberty. What LOUIS NAPOLEON would like would be, we may be sure, to see in Italy a number of weak States with councils in lieu of representative assemblies. He would wield these councils at his pleasure. He would make them the agents of Imperialism. He would dictate a policy to them, and through them to the people at large. Enthusiasts may still hope that the French, having chased the Austrians into the Adriatic, will immediately go away, will never thenceforth interfere in Italian affairs, and will allow a free press and free Chambers to advocate the cause of Italian freedom after the cause of Italian independence has triumphed. We cannot disprove fancies—we cannot argue against dreams. The future may justify these anticipations; but certainly the immediate present belies them. So far as we have gone yet, every step that has been taken in Italy has been towards Imperialism. The outbreak of the war was celebrated by the establishment of arbitrary government in the only free Italian State. The French passport system has been introduced into Sardinia, and a person who has excited the ill-will of LOUIS NAPOLEON is now hunted down by the police of VICTOR EMMANUEL. We cannot say that the new Tuscan Council is as yet an instrument for substituting a mockery of liberty for the reality; but it is obvious that nothing would be easier than to make such a Council act the part of the Corps Legislatif in France. When the war is over, we know that if Austria is beaten, LOUIS NAPOLEON will be absolute master of the destinies of Tuscany. He will be able to place a puppet sovereign on the throne, and possibly the pedantic imitation of his uncle which prompts him to go campaigning with the bedstead and dressing-case used by the victor of Marengo, may lead him to restore for the benefit of a relation or adherent the kingdom of Etruria. It will then be discovered that Tuscany is not ripe for representative institutions, and that the Council already established will be quite enough for her.

We wish that those who think LOUIS NAPOLEON will free Italy would ask themselves whether they honestly believe that, when he is entirely master of the situation, he will terminate the existence of a Council that exactly holds the place of his own sham representative bodies, and substitute really free assemblies that would present an obvious and startling contrast to the institutions of France.

The more clearly we see how well the Tuscans have behaved—how orderly, how self-reliant, how composed they have been—the more we regret they have been sacrificed by the precipitancy of Count CAVOUR. They have shown themselves fit for liberty, and they have, we fear, been obliged to put up with Napoleonism instead. They had a right to ask for a fish, and Sardinia has given them a serpent. They had learnt a great deal by their last Revolution ten years ago—they had learnt not to use physical force rashly, and not to trust blindly to their Sovereign. But they could have waited. Their GRAND-DUKE was not a tyrant, and they had been spared the infliction of a Concordat. The opinion of Europe was gradually coming to the conclusion that Austria ought not to interfere between them and their Sovereign; and, in a short time, any changes they might have felt inclined to make would have been effected without any contest or danger whatever. Even if everything turned out according to the desires of the most ardent well-wisher of Italy—if so improbable an event happened as that the Austrians should be chased in one campaign out of all their lines of defence and fortresses—and if an event ten times more improbable were to happen, and LOUIS NAPOLEON, having it in his power to secure the foundation in Italy of a political system favourable to his views, were to sanction the establishment of institutions that must be a source of terror and reproach to him—still Tuscany could not get anything more than she would have got, in all human probability, if this lamentable war had been avoided. The best that can be said for Count CAVOUR is that he has exposed Tuscany to an unnecessary danger. The event will in all likelihood show that he has cheated her out of a freedom that was almost within her grasp.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE result of the General Election, particularly as affected by the Irish returns, promises a Parliament even more impracticable and anarchical than the last. Both sides talk vaguely of satisfaction and success; but it is plain that both are equally disappointed. It is but just that Lord DERBY's Government should reap the first-fruits of a dissolution hazarded without sufficient reason. They have added to their supporters, but they have not obtained a majority, and the step they have taken may deprive them of the advantages they have hitherto derived from the divisions of the Liberal party. Sore from the annoyances of the hustings and the expenses of the canvass and poll, the Opposition members may cohere for a while through their common irritation; and, in that case, the chances are that the Government will have to retire very early in the coming session. The pretext for unseating them will, no doubt, be settled by the first five or six expectant Ministers who happen to meet in a drawing-room in Chesham-place or Piccadilly. What it will be, is a point not worth the trouble of speculation. Generals like Lord JOHN can always find a ford or bridge over the political Ticino; and it will be surprising if some great success is not rapidly won against enemies whose recent movements in the field of foreign affairs are allowed by themselves to have been unfortunate, and are considered by the rest of the world to have deserved all the ill-luck which has befallen them.

Should the DERBY Cabinet be turned out, the troubles of the Liberals will then begin. We say nothing of the difficulty of forming an Administration, though no doubt such a difficulty exists, and is admitted by the Liberal reports of Tory overtures to Lord PALMERSTON. On the whole, however, the chances of effecting some sort of compromise between conflicting pretensions have been improved by the Election, for the most exacting of Whigs will be ashamed to justify the very taunts which have been echoing through the length and breadth of the country. But what degree of support may a Liberal Administration count on receiving? The Opposition newspapers sum up the returns so as to give the Liberals a majority of about fifty, but this result is attained by the simple expedient of reckoning everybody a Liberal who does not expressly style himself a Tory. A much more decisive criterion is furnished by an analysis

of the great division in the last Parliament on Lord JOHN RUSSELL's Resolution. This trial of strength has a peculiar value from the numerousness of the attendance and the fewness of absentees. The majority, it will be remembered, was thirty-nine. Now, at the lowest computation, Lord DERBY may fairly be considered as having obtained twenty-three seats by the dissolution. Twenty-three thoroughgoing Conservatives have been substituted for twenty-three thoroughgoing Liberals, and twenty-three seats give forty-six votes on a division. Lord JOHN's majority has therefore been destroyed. There still remain, however, the thirty-two Liberals who voted for the second reading of the Government Bill, and it may be noted as curious that scarcely one of these gentlemen has lost his seat. Let us set them all down to the credit of the Liberal party, to which they ostensibly belong, and they will give the real measure of the majority on which a Liberal Administration will have to depend. Surely this is the sort of staff which, like the reed of Scripture, will break in the hand and rend the shoulder; and, under such circumstances, the closest union among all sections of Liberals will be of the first necessity. How shall one sufficiently compassionate the situation of a Whig Government which holds office at the pleasure of thirty and odd adherents, of whose dispositions nothing certain is known except that they deserted the confederated Liberals in the greatest and most elaborately prepared political demonstration which has been made during the last ten years? The painful experiences which Lord DERBY has recently undergone will be more than matched by the sufferings of a Ministry which, before it can make head against a perfectly undivided Opposition, will have to reckon with the candour of Mr. HORSMAN, the jealousy of several more than ordinarily suspicious small-borough members, and the strong Austrian sympathies of those eminent Liberals, Mr. BOWYER and his Roman Catholic following.

While the Liberal newspapers are comforting themselves by easy assumptions, consolations of a different character are passed about in the conversation of Liberal politicians. The majority, they say, is cut down to half its former amount, but the half is better than the whole. All the miscarriages of the last two sessions were caused by the consciousness of superabundant strength. In presence of an enemy so powerful as the party now in office, our leaders will waive their differences. Lord JOHN will cease to manœuvre, and Lord PALMERSTON to be indiscreet. And doubtless there is some truth in this. Should Lord DERBY be turned out, it will be on some plea less disreputable than the "dodge" which was fatal to the last Parliament, and no speech will be delivered in the preceding debate so insane as Lord PALMERSTON's demonstration of the impossibility of a dissolution. But the pinch, as we have said, will not come till the Ministry is once formed. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL will still be the same statesmen who quarrelled when they were much less on an equality than they are at present. One of them will be as much wedded as ever to a policy of surprises, and the other as far as ever from understanding that, if there is a time to laugh, there is also a time to be serious. It must be remembered that the most memorable escapades of the two Whig leaders were perpetrated in Parliaments still more difficult to control than the one now assembling. The House of Commons in which Lord PALMERSTON turned out Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and the House of Commons in which Lord JOHN RUSSELL turned out Lord ABERDEEN, included no true Liberal majority of any kind. A third party, with opinions still unfixed and sympathies still undetermined, held the balance between the Government and the Opposition.

If Mr. DISRAELI has to take his place on the left-hand of the Speaker, he will lead a regular Opposition stronger numerically than that which followed Sir ROBERT PEEL in the interval between his two Administrations. But we will not insult him by supposing that he will imitate the organized hypocrisy which once revolted his fine moral susceptibilities. Instead of slowly sapping the credit of his opponents by at once exposing and correcting their mistakes, he will adopt the manlier and sincerer course of allying himself with successive sections of Liberal malcontents. He will taunt the Government with their shortcomings in Reform, satirize them for being as Conservative as himself, and do his best to force them into Radical compromises. It is true that this is not exactly the lesson which the general election teaches. The most considerable Conservative losses occurred through the confusion of mind into which the reforming policy of Lord DERBY's Government

had thrown its supporters; and the greatest Conservative triumphs are attributable to the detestation which Mr. BRIGHT's peculiar county feels towards Mr. BRIGHT and his creed. But Mr. DISRAELI is above considerations of expediency. He is before the nation as a straightforward Reformer, and his motto is "in for a penny in for a pound."

THE WAR.

THE approaching campaign in Italy may perhaps be found more interesting by military critics than by the statesmen who are at present waiting for some indication to determine their future course. The JOMINIS and NAPIERS of the present generation are in want of a new collection of experiments to illustrate and correct the theories handed down by their predecessors. The wars of NAPOLEON and his contemporaries have been recorded and analysed until it is impossible to find a new argument for any of the various conclusions with which they have enriched and confused the science of strategy. The more recent campaigns of Hungary and Italy in 1848 and 1849 were short, indecisive, and obscure; and the siege of Sebastopol was carried on by hard fighting, without opportunity for manœuvring or for operations in the field. The formal match between two of the first armies in Europe on a recognised battle-ground derives additional interest from the recent improvements in the implements of war which are now for the first time to be tried in action. Rifled cannon of increased range, muskets which can both strike and kill at half-a-mile's distance, railroads, steamers, and telegraphs will accelerate the work of destruction; and at present it can only be foreseen that they will be found most useful by the commander whose clearness of head and largeness of comprehension best enable him to use them. The great principles of war will probably still be found as unchangeable as when NAPOLEON studied with profit the campaigns of MARLBOROUGH, of TURENNE, and of CÆSAR; but the consequences of blunders are likely to become more serious as the machinery in which they occur is more powerful and more complicated. The Generals of untried ability, or of proved mediocrity, who are entrusted on either side with the conduct of the campaign, will probably be found cautious, and even timid, until they have tried the capacity of their respective adversaries. If the Emperor NAPOLEON is sincere in his declaration that he only fears the irregular ardour of his soldiers, he must be singularly exempt from those doubts of himself and others which might be expected, under present circumstances, to disturb the firmest mind. A regiment advancing with its front in a zigzag line might cause some local confusion in a battle; but a General who left half his army idle while the remainder was outnumbered would interfere more seriously with the projected promenade along the historical road of Lombardy. The Major-General, or second chief of the French army, is only known from his share in the inglorious siege of Rome. After a long delay, the besieging forces penetrated defences which resembled a garden wall of two or three times the usual thickness. The victories which may hereafter add lustre to Marshal VAILLANT's name will probably be more glorious, as they will certainly be less easy.

The general course of the campaign seems to be marked out beforehand. The Austrian General will maintain his forward position as long as no overwhelming force is brought against him, and after exhausting the resources of Piedmont by compelling it to maintain both armies, he will gradually retire, with or without one or more battles, to his impregnable base of operations. The chances are against any decisive blow on either side. The accident of Marengo is not likely to be repeated, and the disaster of Ulm would only have been possible when MACK commanded on one side and NAPOLEON on the other. The revolution in Tuscany, and the probable risings in other States, are formidable rather with reference to the future influence of Austria in Italy than in their bearing on the immediate fortunes of the campaign. The position to the south of the Italian Tyrol will scarcely be threatened with additional danger, although the insurrection should extend from the Alps to the southern coast of Sicily. In former wars, the Austrian Government was always embarrassed by the necessity of resisting the same enemy both on the Danube and the Po. At present, the most welcome news which could arrive at Vienna would be the statement that a French army had crossed the Rhine for the purpose of carrying the war into Germany.

The events which are likely to affect the policy of England must be looked for further East. The tide of war may

sway backwards and forwards in the valley of the Po without affording any ground for the disturbance of a well-considered neutrality. It is equally impossible to join in a struggle against the independence of Italy, or to give active aid to the mischievous ambition of France. But the whole question will be changed if it appear that schemes for the partition of Turkey coincide with the attack on a Power which has watched with habitual suspicion the progress of Russia to the South. For three years French intrigue has been incessantly counteracting the natural consequences of the Crimean war. The Bolgrad fraud was only defeated by the firmness of the English Government; and the absurd arrangement for the organization of Wallachia and Moldavia which was devised by the Congress of Paris, has been systematically manipulated for the purpose of restoring to Russia the influence which had been fairly conquered by the recent allies of Turkey. Only a year ago, the restless barbarians of Montenegro received encouragement from France when they took advantage of an interval of truce to surprise their Turkish opponents. All the malcontents in the Ottoman Empire have learned to regard the Emperor of the FRENCH as the satellite and ally of their own orthodox protector; and it seems probable that the commencement of war in Europe will be regarded as a signal for an outbreak among the Christian subjects of Turkey.

England is under no obligation to guarantee the Porte against disturbances which may possibly arise from internal misgovernment. It is only when foreigners interfere to profit by Turkish anarchy that long-settled rules of policy prescribe a vigorous interference. The terms of the Russian engagement with France are still kept profoundly secret, and it is only known that both Powers must propose to themselves some advantage from their mysterious concert. It is possible that the author of the war may look to compensation for his efforts in the expected establishment of Bonapartist dependencies in Tuscany, Rome, and Naples; but the reward to his ally for the co-operation which is to be afforded must be found beyond the Adriatic. History often repeats itself in the recurring designs of ambitious potentates, although the conditions of success vary with the change of circumstances. More than fifty years since, NAPOLEON promised the Danubian Principalities to Russia, and the attempt of the Emperor NICHOLAS to extend his territories in the same direction is still fresh in living memory. A ROMANOFF Prince crowned at Jassy, a Russian port and fortress at the mouths of the Cattaro, would furnish an illustration and a meaning to the French attack upon Austria. The destiny of the central portions of the Turkish Empire would probably be reserved for a later decision. It must not be forgotten that six years since Egypt was offered by Russia to England, and that in the singular map of partition lately published at Paris the same province was absurdly assigned to Austria, with the evident purpose of avoiding the mention of France. The Bonapartist traditions of conquest extend to the Nile as well as to the Po, and another half century is by this time perched on the Pyramids to contemplate the "younger sister" of the army which destroyed the Mamaluke dominion.

There are sufficient reasons for preparing against an unavoidable interruption of neutrality; but the English Government must be careful to keep the solution under its own control, and not to be forced or cajoled into any premature course of action. In Eastern affairs Austria may at present be inclined to countenance the policy of her enemies for the express purpose of precipitating a general war. There is reason to believe that the Porte receives encouragement from Vienna in its refusal to acknowledge the election of COUZA; and although the appointment of the same Hospodar for both the Danubian provinces was the result of a treacherous intrigue, the resistance of Turkey following on the acquiescence of England, and even of Austria, can only tend to produce danger and confusion. It is the true policy of the neutral Powers to temporize, to negotiate, to mitigate asperities, and to avert or evade collisions. Deep-laid political combinations often become deranged by the mere lapse of time, and if the war can be postponed for two years, it may by that time have become wholly unnecessary. An indecisive campaign may perhaps induce Russia to reconsider the expediency of encountering the hostility of Germany and of England in reliance on the support of France. It is even possible that the retirement of Count BUOL, who was personally obnoxious to the Court of St. Petersburg, may indicate the approaching resumption of friendly relations between Russia and Austria.

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MR. COBDEN AT WASHINGTON.

MR. COBDEN has been staying, it seems, with the President of the United States at Washington, and in all probability he was residing in that august mansion which Americans call the "White House" at the moment when the news of his election for Rochdale reached him. So acute and observant a person must at all times be storing up the materials of thought; but just now, when he is restored once again to political station, he is doubtless especially attentive to everything around him from which a useful lesson can be extracted. Let us enumerate a few of the experiences of which he may be presumed likely to give the House of Commons the benefit.

Mr. COBDEN may, in the first place, have seen much to modify his opinion of that "barbaric splendour" which he once denounced in the English Court. We only trust that the disadvantages of a Republican Monarchy have not been brought home to him in any painful manner. The White House is furnished by contract, and at the expense of the State; and we have heard frightful stories of the consequences which follow a too incautious assumption that the articles which it contains are intended to serve their ordinary purposes. Nor do tottering chairs and paralytic bedsteads constitute the only inconveniences from which guests of the PRESIDENT are alleged to suffer. It is remarked by Americans, as one of the mysteries of their immortal Constitution, that each successive President of the United States, though he has but 5000*l.* a year to spend, invariably retires from office with a competency. If the rigid economy which alone could produce this result has the Presidential kitchen for its theatre, the condition of a gentleman in Mr. COBDEN's position cannot be contemplated without dismay. Let us, however, assume that he has dined and slept in comfort. With his faculties undisturbed by fasting or restlessness, he will probably have discovered that a cheap Chief Magistracy may be a good deal dearer to the State than a Monarchy and a Civil List. Every single American gentleman with whom he has shaken hands at the White House either wants a place from the PRESIDENT or has got one by his favour. A courtier need not necessarily be arrayed in knee-breeches and a sword. The same characteristics which distinguish him may be found under the dress-coat and black trousers which, worn from morn to dewy eve, are the marks of an American citizen in every corner of the world. President BUCHANAN is every day of his life earwigged, flattered, importuned, and besought by as eager a crowd of expectants as ever filled the Long Gallery at Versailles. As no one of these pretends for a moment that he wants office because he is fit for it, or dreams of urging any claims except those of party or personal interest, we venture to think that the system comes expensive to the country in the long run. In England, the responsible Minister gives away the places, and the placeman then goes to return thanks to the irresponsible Monarch. In the United States, an irresponsible President receives the solicitations, disposes of the offices, and engrosses the gratitude. Mr. COBDEN will have observed that the great difference between the English and American Courts is this—that, in the first, a man attends a levée because he has got a place; and, in the second, because he wants one.

State ceremonies and State salaries must have been regarded by Mr. COBDEN from another point of view. By a nice calculation it may be discovered that he was at Washington during the SICKLES' trial. In considering the causes of the monstrous contempt of law and justice which seemed to animate every actor in that vulgar drama except only the Judge, Mr. COBDEN will have come to the conclusion that, whatever be the case as to the Courts of Kings, a little barbaric splendour is not out of place in Courts of Law. The majesty of Justice, like all majesties, consists a good deal in externals, and it is generally found that the moral grandeur which is supposed to remain even after the goddess has been stripped bare, has no effect whatever on the generality of mankind. The free and easy air which in American Courts is substituted for the barbarism of wigs, gowns, maces, apparitors, velvet and ermine, produces a not wholly unexpected result in a coarse disdain of legal rules themselves. And Mr. COBDEN will have further observed that the only person who seemed to pay the least regard to the solemn duty imposed on him proved absolutely incapable of enforcing his legitimate authority. Why was Judge CRAWFORD systematically snubbed from the beginning to the end of the proceedings? Mr. COBDEN would do no great injustice

to the American public if he inferred that, inasmuch as the Judge's wages are no more than 600*l.* or 800*l.* a year, he is looked upon by his employers as a sort of slavery-of-all-work. It would have been the height of impudence if a Judge CRAWFORD, with his paltry three or four thousand dollars a year, had attempted to set limits to the loquacity of Mr. BRADY, the great Old Bailey rhetorician, who earns ten times the money, or to dictate to that fragment of his legitimate sovereign which sat in the jury-box. The consequence was that a trial which would have occupied half a day in England lasted more than a fortnight. All that public time was wasted, and is habitually wasted, to save a very little public money. As we said before, it comes dear to the country.

But beyond all doubt Mr. COBDEN's attention will chiefly have fastened on the state of public opinion in America with reference to War and Peace. At the moment when he was first informed of the outbreak of the great contest in Italy, he would find himself at the political centre of the most warlike community in the world. Mr. BRIGHT has recently propounded the theory that all democracies are naturally pacific, but that their aptitudes for peace are practically blighted by the existence of large standing armies. But Mr. BRIGHT looks on the United States as the *Peri on Paradise*. He has never been there, and he will believe no evil of it. But his travelled friend, who has actually trodden the diamond pavement and listened to the music of Bunkum, will be able to give him better information. The United States have, properly speaking, no standing army at all. A force of about 20,000 men, employed in small parties over a vast and desert territory, includes some highly-educated American officers, but the rank and file are nearly all Irishmen and Germans. Yet the Americans are so far from pacific that their very platitudes are bloody-minded. Mr. COBDEN may possibly have convinced himself that it is not paying for soldiers, but playing at soldiers, which makes a nation warlike. It is the habit of serving in the militia which keeps American heroism at boiling point. A community which maintains by its pay half a million of men may be perfectly non-aggressive and pacific; but a people like the Americans, who perpetually parade their streets in fancy uniforms, and are all called General, Colonel, or Major, will ever be thirsting for blood. The restless spirits who are always longing to meet the men of Inkermann and the Alma in a fair fight, are by no means the officers and privates of the American regular army; they are the clerks and shopmen who baptize themselves "Washington Fencibles" and "Jefferson Guards." These truths will soon make themselves felt in England. The English ten-pound householder has for the present set his affections on neutrality, but when he has once taught himself rifleman's drill—when he has once learned to throw himself on the reverse portion of his person and fire suddenly through his legs—we are persuaded that nothing less will satisfy him than a campaign on the Ticino. Immediately on his return, Mr. COBDEN will be justified in impeaching General PEEL, denouncing the Laureate, and proposing to disfranchise the riflemen along with the dockyard labourers.

There are many other questions which Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN may be supposed likely to canvas in friendly conversation. Is a democracy favourable to honesty in public men? Is it favourable to purity in political assemblies? Is it favourable to an enlightened commercial policy? Mr. COBDEN might reply to these queries, with a shake of the head, that President BUCHANAN obtained office by pledging himself at Ostend to the annexation of Cuba—that the last House of Representatives was steeped in personal corruption—and that one of the latest votes of the Senate determined that the Pacific Railway should be made exclusively of Pennsylvanian iron. Such might be Mr. COBDEN's answers, but such they won't be. When he last travelled, he brought home the information, which would have been extremely valuable but for the revolutions of 1848 and the Crimean war, that all Europe was converted to peace, economy, and free-trade. And so Mr. BRIGHT, too, ended a tour of visits among English and Scotch country-houses with the conviction that the policy of the British aristocracy is to starve the hungry and to impoverish the poor. The truth is that

All Experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever as we move.

The great object of travelling for instruction is to travel far enough to find something which will confirm the theories you entertained before you started.

THE FRENCH LOAN.

IF M. MAGNE'S account of the subscriptions tendered for the new French loan is to be relied on, the Emperor NAPOLEON may be congratulated on having effected a more remarkable financial operation than is recorded in the history of any country since the world began. The loan was only announced on the 3rd instant, at a price which left but a moderate margin of profit according to the actual quotations of the Bourse. A trifling fall in the value of rentes would have brought the loan to a discount, and they must be very sanguine speculators who expect that the market will be sustained at its present height during the eighteen months over which the payments are to extend. As a permanent investment, a subscription to the loan could scarcely have been regarded as very promising, in the face of the fact that the stock created during the Russian war may be purchased now at a price considerably below that at which it was issued. Yet, after no more than four days' previous notice, the applications received in a single week are said to have reached the enormous sum of 92,000,000*l.* The statement of deposit money actually paid exceeds 9,000,000*l.*, and no commercial embarrassment appears to have attended the operation. Meanwhile, the old 3*1*/₂ per cent. stock has scarcely fallen below 6*1*/₂, and there is no trace of the effects which might have been anticipated from the diversion of so large an amount of capital to meet an unexpected demand. The highly patriotic manner in which the Bank of France always facilitates the operations of its master may in some measure account for the ease with which cash has been found for the preliminary deposits. Nor does it at all follow that subscriptions to the amount of 92,000,000*l.* imply the possession of corresponding means. During the railway mania of 1845 it was very well known that enormous applications for shares were made by persons whose resources were strained to the utmost to produce the first deposit; and now that the French have become adepts in the art of tagging, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a very large proportion of the aggregate subscription has been derived from that class of capitalists whose only prospect of escaping forfeiture and realizing a profit depends upon the possibility of disposing of their stock at a premium. When once an entire people is convinced that an investment is likely to command a premium, there is no limit to the amount which they may be expected to subscribe, except that which is afforded by the necessity of providing the deposit. But after every allowance for the influence of a mere gambling spirit, and for the most extravagant amount of assistance which the Bank can be supposed to have rendered, the success achieved, according to M. MAGNE'S report, is really marvellous. Such details as are furnished rather heighten the impression which the aggregate results produce. Upwards of 3,000,000*l.* has been subscribed in sums of 8*l.*, and this with the knowledge that the whole amount tendered by this class of subscribers would be accepted. Paris alone has furnished 60,000,000*l.* of subscriptions, with a deposit of no less than 6,000,000*l.* The number of the subscribers is even more astonishing than the vast amount of the subscriptions. France cannot contain many more than 7,000,000 families, reckoning all classes from the millionaire to the pauper. The number of applicants is returned at 525,000, and it is said that many more were disappointed by the insufficiency of the staff to record the applications with which they were inundated. It would seem, therefore, that one household in every thirteen or fourteen must have furnished a subscriber to the loan. When the large proportion of every population which merely lives from hand to mouth is considered, this is perhaps the most remarkable feature of all.

It is probably very much within the mark to say that the proportion of our own population which has ever taken part in the speculations of a single week during the wildest periods of inflation, has not reached a tenth part of that which the returns of the Minister of Finance give as the measure of the avidity with which the French have struggled for a share in a loan to be devoted to a war which they were supposed to regard with indifference, if not with aversion. If one half of M. MAGNE'S facts are true, neither South Sea Companies, nor Joint-Stock Banks, nor Railway speculations, nor any other developments of the gambling mania which always follows our periods of prosperity, have approached in popularity this Imperial loan. It seems out of the question to ascribe results so amazing to the attraction of a pecuniary speculation from which the most sanguine can expect but a

very moderate profit. The French passion for war supplies the only possible explanation, and the event has shown that, whatever other blunders he may have made, the EMPEROR'S sagacity was not at fault when he divined that the surest road to popularity was to repudiate his mendacious declaration that the Empire was Peace. Whether the enthusiasm of his subjects will be proof against a military check, or solid enough to survive a protracted war, is a very different question; but, for the moment, the dream that the people of France were, for the first time in their history, averse to aggressive war, has been effectually dissipated.

The success of the EMPEROR'S first operation, brilliant as it is, will not avert, though it may postpone, the financial exhaustion which must ultimately terminate the war, unless a decisive victory on one side or the other shall speedily bring it to a close. However free-handed France may be just now, money will flow out faster than it can pour in. Political necessities will probably exclude the application of the only system on which it is possible to carry on any very long time military operations on the scale which is now attempted. So long as war can be made to support war, there is no limit to the career of a victorious army; but the cost of the campaign in Lombardy will have to be defrayed out of the resources of France, and the EMPEROR will perhaps find it difficult to maintain Napoleonic armies while debarred from the system of plunder and confiscation by which the wars of the first Empire were mainly supported. The 20,000,000*l.* to which the EMPEROR professes to limit the amount of the loan will be swallowed up before the campaign is well commenced, and though the extent of the subscriptions may be accepted as evidence of the ardour of the French people, their capacity to bear the enormous drain of a protracted war remains yet to be proved. The Crimean campaign very quickly disposed of the 60,000,000*l.* which were obtained by the loans of 1854 and 1855; and the exhaustion which followed that drain is not the less likely to recur because the people are at the present moment willing to enter into engagements, the burden of which can only be estimated after the subscriptions have been paid in full. The wealth of France cannot have materially increased during the last two or three years; and the war which has commenced may be expected to make demands on the resources of the country, compared with which the cost of the siege of Sebastopol will appear a mere bagatelle. But, for the present, the EMPEROR has a full purse and willing subjects; and he may, at any rate, get through his first campaign without the financial difficulties to which the friends of peace cannot but look as their ultimate ground of hope.

DEAR SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

WE have been asked to pass a solemn act of oblivion for all the weakness and wickedness of the late General Election. Every public man, it seems, must have gone through the inevitable car of mud; and one hasty lustration, one plunge in Lethe, is to make it all right. As is said to be the practice among the looser sort of Christians, this use of absolution seems to be rather of the nature of an invitation to new excesses. "Go and sin again" is the practical commentary of the lighthearted penitent on quitting this compendious confession. It is somewhat too general to be very efficacious. As we think, however, that both public and private morality suffer not so much from the sin itself of electioneering lies and hustings slander as from the understanding we all come to that these things are venial at elections—that they must be, and that it is of no more use talking sentiment and sermonizing about them than it is to try and escape whooping-cough, measles, and chicken-pox, or the *nexus* of humiliating infantine diseases—we may just as well enter a protest against the theory. There is no necessity to go through all this dirt; and there is still less necessity to say that dirt is the normal condition of the British hustings. Very likely we shall never get rid of lying and slandering at elections, any more than we shall by much preaching drive theft and murder out of the world. But in either case to make rollicking fun out of the thing, to wink the journalistic eye, and to titter "Pleasant, but 'wrong,' " "Wild oats," "Youth must be youth," and "Poor 'human nature,'" is but to preach the Devil's decalogue both in religion and politics.

Of all sinners the hoary old rake is the most abominable. The septuagenarian haunter of suspicious places and people calls up other forms of indignation than those of mere morality. On youthful vice one looks rather

as abstract irregularity. Blood and spring-time, if they do not excuse, alleviate the severity of censure. But in the old sinner one only looks at the man. It is a personal quarrel which society has with Sir JAMES GRAHAM when he transcends the moral excesses of the licence of electioneering libertinism. He has a sort of political character; he has borne high office; he has sat at famous council boards and in good men's Cabinets, and his name has been linked with the just and honourable men of the day. Not that he has not always been personally below his compeers, not so much in ability, as in morality. He has ever brought an ugly flavour of the tap-room into society; and there is an unmistakable stable whiff about his presence which has hardly conciliated respect, still less confidence. But Sir JAMES GRAHAM is not only an egregious offender—his offence is remarkably offensive. There are those who, if they have not a character, find it to be their best policy to act as if they had one. Just as it suits some *lorettes* to dress in widow's weeds, so, having exhausted all the recognised political dodges, it was by far the best course for the great Cumbrian baronet to invest in the staid, sober, respectable, prosy, elderly gentleman. Besides, it might have had the merit of novelty. Sir JAMES GRAHAM coming out in the merely quiet, and respectable, and decent line, would have had the merit of decided novelty. It might have converted the scoffers; and those who came to laugh at the ancient Pantaloon of politics might stay to pray with the sober unction of a reformed *LOVELACE*, and the mild wisdom of *LÆTIUS*. This ought to have been Sir JAMES GRAHAM's policy; but in the last election he has shown every quality but that of wisdom. Time, which will one day tame Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE, and may perhaps teach Mr. ROEBUCK to attract and to be attractive, has not given discretion to Sir JAMES GRAHAM, whilst it has deprived him of prudence; and it seems to be by an ugly necessity that, while nepotism is the last vice of humanity, it generally brings an insensibility to public opinion in its train.

We are not going to pursue the eccentric Baronet through the somewhat stupid story of the Carlisle election. We soon had enough of the fun, for, to say the truth, either the Cumbrian *præcordia* are easily tickled, or we are curiously insensible to a joke; but it strikes us that all that joking of jokes about the Blue Lion ought certainly not to have gone beyond the gates of that city whose name is "Merry." But passing all this, the election dinner of triumph does not necessitate any mistakes. Sir JAMES had got his nephew in, and he was in himself, and there were plenty of things to talk about which would have been quite lively enough to make the Blue Lion himself caper to a new tune. There was the war, and the defences question, and the rifle clubs; and any gracious fooling about just nothing at all could not have been out of place. Granted that the necessity of the hustings demands some very broad and coarse word painting—admitted that the pledges must be made, and that all sorts of promises never meant to be performed, and impossible assertions and inconsequent answers must be gone through with during an election—with the dinner at least comes common sense. Surfeited with *gobemoucherie*, even a successful candidate may enjoy that solitary hour which perhaps alone in his senatorial life need not be coupled either with the prospect of promises not to be fulfilled, or with the retrospect of pledges violated.

But Sir JAMES could not watch one hour—it was too much to give even a single day to propriety. Having been a Minister himself, and one especially connected with departments which, from time immemorial, in the reigns either of GRAHAM or PAKINGTON, have exercised paramount influence over boroughs, he knew that he could make something of that subject. He understood it well, chiefly because he had had some experience in fighting Admiralty boroughs. So he edified the Carlisle electors with the twin stories of Dover and the neat little Government job of increasing the billet money on the eve of an election. These were just the stories suited to an election dinner—just the neat little telling things which come home to the conscience of borough electors. They can enter into them thoroughly, and appreciate them fully. We are never so outrageously virtuous as when we have got over a little bit of sin, and packed it away safe and out of sight. A story about borough corruption is sure to answer at a borough election dinner. So Sir JAMES made the most of the Dover story. We are not going to enter into that story. An allusion to the matter was fair enough; only, in one who has been himself an official, even if he never used Government influence at Dover

or Devonport, considerable accuracy in quotation was necessary. Unfortunately, Sir JAMES trusted to his memory, or he cared considerably more for forcible handling than for minute accuracy in his picture. So he laid himself open to an unpleasant letter from Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, who this time did not lose his temper; and Sir JAMES had to say that he quoted from memory, and of course meant nothing—of which very small passage at arms the Netherby Pet had slightly the worst of it.

The PEEL correspondence is, however, a very different affair; and here Sir JAMES GRAHAM has been cut up front and flank, ridden through and scattered, and simply annihilated by the charge from the War Office. And to render matters worse, Sir JAMES is a politician by profession, and General PEEL is only General PEEL. The assertion was, that on the eve of a general election, with the express object of conciliating "that influential body, the publicans, by an act of prerogative, Parliament not sitting, the War Office increased the allowance for billeting soldiers from 1*d.* to 4*d.*," and then came good strong bunkum about "plague spots," "deep cutting," and "probing of matter," and other unpleasant and surgical figures of speech. Certainly the charge was plain and round, and intelligible enough; and so, unfortunately, was the answer. "Dear Sir JAMES" must have cursed the post and the official envelopes that week. "Dear Sir JAMES"—so writes the matter-of-fact and uncompromising soldier—"this is not only untrue, but, if you stated it, I must leave you to explain how it was possible for you not to have known that it was not true." The fact was that a Parliamentary Committee had recommended the rise—that the rise was announced on the 6th February and again on the 7th March—and that the Mutiny Bill had specified and sanctioned the increase. Here was certainly a very complete settlement of the whole imputation. Ignorance and malice being proved, Sir JAMES acknowledges the former, and passes off the latter as an inaccuracy; though, with a last desperate clutch, he says, "the fact remains, that the increase was announced on the eve of a general election"—which, with Sir JAMES' pardon, we must remind him was not the fact. The old fact was, that the Government, without the cognizance of Parliament, did autocratically and for corrupt motives, give a premium for publicans' votes. The new fact is, that Government, as soon as the law was changed, announced, as they were bound to do, that change in the law which Parliament had solemnly enacted. So with all submission we say, "the fact does not remain;" though something else remains, and that something else is, that not only is Sir JAMES GRAHAM's first assertion "untrue," but it looks as though it were impossible for him who made it not to know that it is "untrue."

THE NEUTRALITY PROCLAMATION.

THE QUEEN'S Proclamation of Neutrality does not appear as yet to have attracted the attention of Austrian or German critics, and there is certainly nothing in the document to which they or their rulers would have any right to take exception. But it is nevertheless true that, while affecting the most entire impartiality, the Proclamation which Ministers have advised Her MAJESTY to issue is an extremely one-sided measure, and one which will operate adversely to the Austrian cause, to which Lord DERBY had been suspected of an undue partiality. In its terms, indeed, it recognises no distinction between the belligerents. The QUEEN is made to declare her firm purpose and determination to abstain altogether from taking any part, directly or indirectly, in the war; and all her subjects are warned to observe a strict neutrality and to abstain from violating the laws of this country or the rights of nations, as they will answer the contrary at their peril. Not content with this general injunction, the Proclamation sets forth the Act of Parliament which prohibits enlistment in foreign service, and makes the fitting out of ships to be used against any friendly Power a misdemeanour, punishable by fine and imprisonment and by the seizure of any vessel which shall be commissioned or chartered for such illegal service. We presume that this is to be taken as an intimation that the penalties of the Act will be strictly enforced against any persons who may venture to disregard its provisions.

The remaining portion of the Proclamation admonishes all the QUEEN'S subjects to respect those belligerent rights which we have always claimed to exercise ourselves when engaged in war. The usual denunciations of high displeasure against

all who may presume to break blockades or carry contraband goods will probably have an influence proportioned to the penalties incurred by disobedience; and, as the Proclamation concludes by indicating the possibility of hostile capture as the only risk attending such proceedings, it will doubtless be read as a tacit permission to disregard the obligations of neutrality towards any Power which happens not to possess the means of enforcing the rights which the law of nations gives to countries engaged in war. If France and Austria were equally able to cover the seas with cruisers, the Proclamation would be perfectly fair; but, inasmuch as Austria is helpless to prevent the shipment of military stores for the service of her enemies, the practical interpretation of the Proclamation is that English merchants ought not to offend against the belligerent rights of France and Sardinia, but that they may disregard at pleasure the equal rights which belong to the Emperor of AUSTRIA. The Proclamation has, in fact, made no difference in this respect; and as the information it conveys was perfectly well known, it may be thought to be a very harmless and nugatory affair. But it is really much more than this, for although it contains no provision conspicuous by its presence, there is one which Lord JOHN RUSSELL might fairly describe as very conspicuous by its absence. The Foreign Enlistment Act, which is cited for the terror of all evil-doers, is the only law upon the statute-book by which offences against neutrality are made directly punishable by our municipal law; but by another statute there is a discretionary power lodged in the Government to prohibit, by Order in Council, the exportation of goods available for military purposes under penalty of seizure by our Custom-house officers. During the late war, this power was exercised by a proclamation forbidding the shipment of marine engines and other materials available for warlike purposes; and if Ministers had really been disposed to compel the observance of the duties of neutrality, they would have found an actual prohibition of the export of such specific articles as they might consider contraband a more effectual measure than a solemn warning which may be disregarded with impunity by those who are disposed to furnish warlike stores to the Emperor NAPOLEON. The Proclamation can only be understood as a declaration that Ministers do not intend to interfere with contraband trade, and their impressive enunciation of duties of neutrality which they decline to enforce will savour somewhat of hypocrisy in Austrian nostrils.

There is no place, it is true, for remonstrance, for it is no part of the duty of a neutral country to punish or prevent violations of neutrality by its own subjects; but in the tenderness shown to those who may desire to speculate in contraband operations, Ministers seem to have forgotten that it is the interest and the settled resolve of this country to preserve an honest neutrality as long as possible. If ever we are to take part in the war, it should only be on a deliberate conviction that our interference is essential to our own future security. This is the policy which the Government has rather ostentatiously announced; and if it is to be successfully pursued, every casualty by which our action may be precipitated ought to be prevented by all the precautions within our power. The existence of a contraband trade carried on by English merchants or in English ships would imperil, in more ways than one, the neutrality which in any case it will be difficult enough for us to maintain. Besides the possibility of diplomatic disputes, there is always the risk of a war frenzy being excited here by the capture of British vessels. Unless all irregular traffic is stopped at the source, there will be abundance of cases in which some real or supposed irregularity in the proceedings of foreign cruisers will be universally denounced as a sufficient *casus belli*. Even a strictly legal capture and condemnation of an English prize would grate upon our national feelings, and the frequent recurrence of such annoyances would soon change our present peaceful mood into the pugnacious temper which history has ascribed to our race. A single unwarranted attack upon our neutral rights would set the country in a flame. The seizure of the *Charles et Georges* was strictly justified by the law of nations, but the mere supposition that the proceeding was an insult to the Imperial flag infuriated the officers of the French navy to such a pitch that the Government was almost forced into the arbitrary demeanour which it assumed towards Portugal. We shall have more luck than we have any right to expect if cases much more provoking to us than that of the *Charles et Georges* was to France do not arise out of a contraband traffic; and we fear that it is a vain boast to pretend that we shall show

more meekness than our neighbours. If captures and condemnations are to be the order of the day, the end may easily be foreseen. We shall wake up some morning and find ourselves at war, not because our interests require us to remain no longer neutral, but because some complication has arisen which English indignation will insist on unravelling by instant hostilities. It is not at all desirable that the attitude of this country should be determined by some chance provocation rather than by deliberate policy; but to suffer a contraband trade to invite occasions which may leave the Government and the Legislature no choice but a declaration of war. The precarious profits of a traffic in material of war are scarcely worth preserving at the risk of so serious a disturbance of our foreign policy; and however reasonable it may be to relieve commerce from needless restrictions, we do not see why a few merchants, who may be disposed to speculate in warlike stores, should be allowed for their private gain to double the chances of war to which the country is exposed. With few exceptions, the commercial body would, we believe, be grateful for a declaration of the articles which the Government consider contraband, even though accompanied by an absolute prohibition of the traffic. A merchant who desires to limit himself to safe and legal trade would much rather be told that saltpetre, or machinery, or coals, were not to be exported at all, than be warned against dealings in contraband without any assistance in determining the knotty question, what does or does not fall within the definition. The merchants of London have already addressed inquiries to the Government as to the particular articles which are supposed to be included in the prohibition, and the Society of Ship-owners has asked in vain for more explicit guidance than the Proclamation affords. So far as liability to foreign capture is concerned, no declaration on the part of England would be of the least avail without previous concert with the belligerents; and if it is determined not to issue a prohibition, Lord MALMESBURY is perhaps right in declining to pledge himself to a positive definition of contraband which might not command much respect from the Prize Courts of the belligerent Powers. But, by calling into action the power of preventing the exportation of contraband goods, it would be easy to include coals and every other commodity which could possibly be condemned by the Courts of France or Austria. This would save the commercial world from the embarrassment by which it is now perplexed, and, at the same time, reduce to the smallest compass the risks to which, in any case, our neutrality must be exposed.

THE TIMES ON SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY.

A LATE number of the *Times* contained a very interesting review of Sir William Hamilton's lectures on Metaphysics, describing a system of thought which has been brought into considerable prominence of late by the circumstance that Mr. Mansel has made an elaborate application of it to theology. Mr. Mansel's book—as every one who has read it might have expected—whilst warmly welcomed by one party has given considerable scandal to another. Whilst many persons have seen in it a triumphant vindication of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, others have looked upon it as opening a new road to Atheism; and, indeed, as the line of argument is that Christianity and Atheism form the branches of an alternative between which our choice lies, it is obvious that the conclusion drawn from it will differ according to the views which different classes of readers may take of the force of the arguments adduced in support of either conclusion as against other opinions which lie between them. We expressed our opinion of Mr. Mansel's book at the time of its publication, and have no intention of returning to it at present; but the writer in the *Times*, who is warmly in favour both of its orthodoxy and of its importance, throws considerable light upon the method on which it proceeds, by giving a popular exposition of the principles which Mr. Mansel, as he says, has adopted from Sir W. Hamilton. How far he adequately represents Sir William Hamilton's philosophy we shall not at present inquire; but the article is so interesting that we will take it as an independent statement of opinion, and discuss the principles which it propounds for popular acceptance, independently of the authority which they may claim as proceeding from Sir W. Hamilton, or as having been adopted by Mr. Mansel.

Before entering upon the discussion, we must protest against the tone which the writer in the *Times* assumes with respect to the exclusive claims of his theory to orthodoxy. Metaphysical questions cannot be satisfactorily discussed if the discussion is to be prejudiced by assertions that certain conclusions are indispensable to Christian faith, and that the object to be kept in view in conducting them is not the investigation of truth, but the confutation of infidels. The supporters of almost every

metaphysical theory have made such claims in their time; and the history of speculation shows, we think, that they have never been very well founded or very judicious. Nominalism, Realism, and Conceptualism have each had disciples who were very good Christians, and it jars on our feelings to read such denunciations as the following—"Are Englishmen ready for the remorselessly logical results of the Hegelian premisses? Are they prepared for the most desolating scepticism which is the result of reason stultified and common sense ignored? How is it possible, it may be asked, that Englishmen could, even by an unguarded expression, seem to sanction the denial of the primary law of reason?" The subject which awakens this enthusiasm is the nature of contradictory inconceivables. It is, no doubt, connected in a certain sense with both religion and morality, and so is the doctrine of innate ideas and Berkeley's theory of the nature of matter; but surely such doctrines belong to a region in which appeals to the feelings of Englishmen are curiously out of place. Some years ago a very philosophical body indeed was obliged to rule that the controversy between two rival theories as to the nature of light was too personal and too irritating to be discussed. Let us, if possible, examine with calmness the question of Contradictory Inconceivables, and retain a charitable hope that a difference respecting them may not involve a final and irreversible distinction in the future fate of the disputants.

The doctrine ascribed by the writer in the *Times* to Sir W. Hamilton, and invested by him with so much importance, is this:—There is a limit beyond which the human intellect cannot go. When speculation is pushed beyond a certain point, insoluble difficulties arise, and we are involved in a darkness from which there is no escape. For example, in the relations of space, if we suppose space to be of a certain definite extent, we find, upon examination, that the notion is absurd and inconceivable. If, on the other hand, we suppose it to be infinite, our difficulty is equal, though of an opposite kind. So, if we take space at the other end, it is equally inconceivable that it should either be composed of certain indivisible minima, or that it should be divisible *ad infinitum*. Similar inconceivable conclusions arise, as every one is aware who has ever looked into the elements of metaphysics, in almost every subject of inquiry. It is inconceivable that time should be eternal, *a parte post* or *a parte ante*; and it is equally inconceivable that it should not; and the list of such difficulties may be enlarged to any amount. In this, of course, there is nothing that can be called new, but the reviewer claims for Sir W. Hamilton the discovery that though we cannot prove anything positive about space, time, or other "unconditioned" existences, we can prove an alternative about them. We cannot prove that space is infinite, nor can we prove that it is finite; but we can prove that it is either infinite or finite. We cannot prove that time had an absolute beginning, nor that it had no absolute beginning; but we can prove that it either had such a beginning or else had not. If we do not admit this, we must go, it seems, into the howling wilderness which is described as being so peculiarly repulsive to the feelings of Englishmen. The reason of man can know nothing whatever about either A or B, except that each is inconceivable; but of A and B viewed collectively, it may know that they are not only inconceivable, but contradictory; and of contradictory inconceivables, both cannot, and one must, be true. The application of this theory to theological controversy is that all doctrines are open to objections, and that all the doctrines and all the objections to them are inconceivable, and also contradictory. It follows that either the doctrines or the objections to them must be true. That is all that reason, unassisted by revelation or by evidence, can affirm. The ultimate appeal must therefore be to revelation and evidence. It is not our province to enter upon the theological bearings of the theory in question, though we cannot altogether refuse our sympathy to those who feel distrust in this very singular new way of believing old doctrines. Whether the authors of the various creeds which have prevailed from the Council of Nice to the Council of Trent and the Synod of Dort, would view with much complacency the zeal with which Sir W. Hamilton and his disciples prove that every theological doctrine is inconceivable, and that all the objections to it are also inconceivable—in other words, that all the thoughts that men have ever had about the most important of all subjects are, when looked at in themselves, simply incredible, and that they derive all their weight from the fact that they contradict each other, is a question which we cannot pretend to determine. Experience may stultify certain misgivings which are surely not unnatural, but when Medea was cutting up her father's body and throwing limb after limb into the caldron, a casual spectator might have been excused for considering the act as a strange proof of filial piety, and, even if satisfied of the goodness of her intentions, might have been pardoned for doubting her power. We may get an entirely new and thoroughly satisfactory basis for our theology out of the contradictory inconceivables, but we shall feel relieved when we see it done.

It would, however, be foreign to our purpose to enter upon the theology of the question. There are objections to the metaphysical theory on which it depends which we should be glad to see removed before we subscribed to it. Sir William Hamilton has no doubt answered the question which his reviewer suggests without answering it, but we should like to be informed why we are not at liberty to infer from the reduction of a given

statement to two contradictory inconceivables, not that one contradictory inconceivable must be true, but that both are false? In other words, that the common statement or conception from which both are derived does not correspond with the fact. If it follows legitimately from the mode in which the word "space" is used, that that which it denotes is either infinitely divisible which is inconceivable, or else reducible to a finite minimum, which is also inconceivable, it surely may follow that the word space is an unphilosophical and merely tentative word, which does not correspond to any clear conception, or to any existing fact whatever. Indeed, there is considerable reason to think that this is actually the case. For if we look closely into the meaning of our terms, we shall find that the use of the word "space" affords openings for endless controversy. In our ignorance we should feel greatly inclined to doubt whether there is any more meaning in the assertion that space is either divisible or indivisible, than in the assertion that time must be either blue or not blue. That matter is divisible is an intelligible assertion. Every one knows what it is to cut an orange in half; so, too, the air which occupies the place of the orange might be divided; but how can any assertion be made about bare space? How can we say that it exists, or represent it to our thoughts at all? That the result of putting into a logical mill a word which is obviously inadequate, and not impossibly unmeaning, should be to produce contradictory inconceivables, appears to us to be an additional proof of the inadequacy of language to express facts, rather than a discovery of any new method of philosophizing. Indeed, with every respect for so great a name as Sir W. Hamilton's, we cannot repress a misgiving that if his reviewer fairly represents his opinions, he must have fallen into a metaphysical error like that which beset the whole of ancient philosophy—the error of taking words instead of facts as the foundation of his system. The writer in the *Times* argues about "space" and "time," just as men argued in old times about "hot" and "cold," "earth," "air," "fire," and "water." An ingenious person, sufficiently familiar with chemistry, would probably find very little difficulty in deducing from the existence of water, viewed as an elementary substance, any quantity of inconceivables; and with a little more ingenuity they might probably be made contradictory as well. Whether either of them, even if backed by authority and instinct, would be certainly true, is quite another question; nor are we by any means clear that our general faith in science would be strengthened if it were proved to us that all its doctrines fell under the categories in which the writer in the *Times* would wish to see all theological speculations embraced.

Independently of this general difficulty, there are several others which we should wish to advance, but we will confine ourselves to three. In the first place, why should not inconceivables be contradictory? We are not without a misgiving lest we should be talking Hegelianism without knowing it; but notwithstanding the fervid appeals made to our feelings as Englishmen, we cannot understand why that which utterly defies and baffles our reason altogether may not be consistent with that which appears to us to contradict it. If, notwithstanding objections apparently conclusive, space may be finite, and if, notwithstanding other objections, apparently equally conclusive, it may be infinite, we cannot understand why it should not be both infinite and finite. The only reason for not believing in contradictions is that it is inconceivable that a contradiction should be true; and as we are to believe in inconceivables, why not believe that as well as others? The only answer to this, which is given by the reviewer, is, that it puts an end to his metaphysics at once. Perhaps it does, and what then?

Secondly, how can we ever prove that inconceivables are contradictory? To construct an exhaustive dilemma is the most difficult thing in the world. There is, no doubt, one way of doing it which is at once easy and secure. You may say of anything whatever that it is either A, or not A; but then "not A" includes such an enormous number of other things that the assertion is valueless. Space either is or is not divisible. In order to make this assertion perfectly true, the two words "not divisible" must include in themselves everything which is not included under the word divisible. Now, the word "divisible" does not denote an archangel, nor a blackbeetle, nor an armchair, nor the *Times* newspaper, nor the county of Middlesex, nor *Johnson's Dictionary*, nor trial by jury, nor a good conscience, nor hundreds of millions of other things, persons, thoughts, and feelings, all of which must be included under the words "not divisible" if the proposition in question is to be absolutely correct. To make such a statement as that anything is either divisible or not divisible in this sense of the word, is merely nugatory. This, however, is not the sense in which the assertion is made. Its real meaning is that space is either composed of finite minima or is infinitely divisible (whatever that may mean). This assertion begs the question, for it assumes that we know all the possible conditions of the existence of space, and asserts that they are so many, and no more. Every one would see that this is untrue, and the assertion is accordingly masked behind the convenient but illusory generality that space either is or is not divisible. We always distrust an argument founded on dilemmas, for those who propose it always tacitly take up a position higher and deeper than either of the parties to be refuted. A person who says, "Be a Christian, for such and such reasons," occupies an intelligible position, so does a person who says "Be an Atheist, for such and such reasons;" but he who

preaches the doctrine that you must be either a Christian or an Atheist, maintains not only that he is fully acquainted with all the bearings of each of these systems, but that he has covered the whole field that lies between them. It is just the same in metaphysics. Any one may maintain the divisibility or the infinity of space or time, but to say that these views are the only ones which can be taken of the subject, and that this is so certain that, though both are inconceivable, one must be true, is to make a very bold statement indeed.

Our third and last objection to the doctrine which we have been discussing bears upon what appears to be one of its fundamental assumptions, though we own that we do not very clearly understand the position which it occupies in the reviewer's mind. He appears to maintain that the possibility of a given state of things may be tested by its conceivability, unless, indeed, we get contradictory inconceivables, in which case one of them is possible. We should have thought that in this case the exception would have effectually destroyed the rule. Whatever may be the bearing of conceivability in this system, how can we ascertain its existence? How do we know that all minds have the same powers? The very same things are conceivable and inconceivable to the same person at different times. Many of us have felt it to be entirely inconceivable that *minus* multiplied by *minus* should make *plus*, but it is a difficulty which has been overcome by the humblest student of algebra. Probably after a Buddhist has repeated ten thousand times the mystic words "Oh, the jewel in the lotus," he is as conscious as any man can be of anything that he cannot conceive, and that no one else can conceive, of any other heaven than annihilation. Nay, Sir W. Hamilton's own disciples are not more unanimous than other people. "Professor Frazer" (we are told) "who has succeeded Sir W. Hamilton in the Edinburgh Chair of Logic, declares, by way of answer to the new theory of causality, that he can not only conceive a diminution in the infinity of existence, he can easily conceive of its utter annihilation, including, we infer (for the argument is otherwise useless), the annihilation of even the possibility of existence." Indeed, fiction gives its instances as well as fact. Martinus Scriblerus could not conceive of a Lord Mayor without his gold chain; but Crambe (like Professor Frazer) said that he could conceive of a Lord Mayor without his chain, his fur, his mace, or his turtle, and even without his soul or his body, which he supposed was the abstract idea of a Lord Mayor. Martinus replied, if we remember right, that Crambe was a lying scoundrel—a coarse but sufficiently emphatic way of tendering the only issue which really decides the matter. Until some normal man has been discovered whose power of conceiving is universally adopted in all ages and countries as the test of the conceivability of all propositions, we shall attach very little importance indeed to their possession or want of that very un-English attribute.

In quitting this somewhat abstruse subject, we must express a regret that more respectable words have not been found for the convenience of those who examine it than "thinkable," "conceivability," and the like; and we must also observe that, after a gentleman has filled three columns of the *Times* with metaphysics which it is not always easy to follow, he should not turn his back upon himself, and rebuke the reason which enables him to speculate. Speaking of scepticism, the reviewer observes—"In that hour of trial faith, like the dove, returns to its ark; while reason, like the raven, flits over the troubled waters still unsatisfied. Who has not pitied that dark, unhappy bird, with its strong pinion and wild, distrustful nature? Who has not hoped that it might find a resting-place, if not within the ark, yet upon it?" Such a sentiment seems a little at variance with the energy and ingenuity which the author displays in preparing as a bait that particular theory of contradictory inconceivables which seems to him to afford the only prospect of soothing the wild, distrustful nature of "the dark, unhappy bird."

BIG BROTHERS.

MR. KINGSLEY has a brother, and this brother has just published a novel. Of its literary merits, its plot, characters, and general worth, we intend to speak elsewhere. At present we merely notice it as a curious specimen of the way in which the big brother's influence tells in a family, and how cordially and completely the smaller brothers fit themselves into his groove. There is plenty of originality in Mr. Henry Kingsley's book—he takes us to new scenes, and writes with freshness and vigour. But he adopts, in a simple, hearty way, the creed of the Rector of Eversley. He has no misgivings. He lays down as axiomatic all the old familiar tenets. His heroes are God-fearing men, accustomed to the prize ring, and combining the highest spiritual with the highest animal vigour. His heroines are dainty and highbred, and go gaily through life, picking up God's buttercups from God's own greensward. The writer is wholly and humbly of his big brother's persuasion. He is troubled with no doubts, and is never tormented with the perplexing consideration, that in order to be a worthy disciple of this creed it is necessary, first, that you should be an Englishman possessed of a moderate competence, and secondly, that you should be at least five feet ten in your stockings. Perhaps a man under six feet one can be scarcely more than a proselyte of the Gate. It is true that into the metaphysical part of Mr. Kingsley's belief his brother does not follow him. There

was a debating society once, in which it was a rule that any member who felt the discussion to be out of his line might retire to a corner and there drink whisky and water. There are portions of Mr. Charles Kingsley's teaching which evidently drive Mr. Henry Kingsley into a mental corner. He does not care—he drinks his whisky and water until his big brother is once more in his line. And when he finds he is again on the square, he drives along with a pleasant good-humoured confidence in the truth of the established family doctrines that is almost touching.

We do not notice this with the very slightest wish to disparage the smaller and less known brother. The creed itself is a very good creed. We know of no objection to the plan of combining a thirst for salvation with the development of the fore-arm, except that its practical adoption is open to a rather limited portion of the human race. But, even if the creed were not so unobjectionable, there is no shame in a man's thinking as the clever one of his family thinks. It is very natural that families should think alike. They have been exposed to the same influences of training, tutoring, companionship, and scenery. They have known the same people and the same places at the period of life when impressions are made most deeply and permanently. It is no wonder that we often find the younger brother a repetition of the elder one. It is not that the young one has copied the elder, but the force of circumstances has cast them both into a certain mould, and the eldest brother has but brought out the pattern first, or the cleverest brother has but brought it out most prominently. Strangers regard the similarity with a certain amusement. It seems so funny to hear the old way of praising books, or women, or pictures trotted out in the treble of a junior. But close observers know that these common habits of speech and thought can be traced far back in the family annals, or are, at least in a great measure, the product of the ways of life to which both brothers alike have been subjected. And if the imitation is more clearly and directly traceable, it is nothing to be ashamed of or to regret. A prophet cannot expect to have honour in his own country, but he must have some doubts of his mission if he can make no impression on his brothers and sisters. They know his character, and it is character that tells when a creed has to be inculcated. Nothing is more creditable to human nature than the way in which any superiority of character tells on all who come into habitual contact with it. Little brothers do not believe in their big brother because they think that his propositions are the correct deductions of an indisputable logic, but because he is such a fine fellow. The triumph of family persuasion is, in nine cases out of ten, the triumph of some sort of personal nobleness.

It is in every way desirable that, where a similarity of circumstances has paved the way for similarity in the manifestation of character, the influence of individual superiority should be strong. Sometimes, of course, the influence is not very favourable. The instances where it is positively bad are happily not very numerous, unless the family has been vitiated by exposure to the taint of an artificial and diseased society. But sometimes there appears in a family a run of sour and sordid virtues. The eldest brother is a prig, and the youngest is a sort of heaven-born prig—he carries the family type of bland, scholar-like, blissful inanity to such a prize-dahlia pitch of perfection. But, as a rule, the big brother has got something much better than this to show. It is his self-reliance, his having and knowing that he has something in him, that tells on the family circle. Mr. Kingsley is an instance. Those who most doubt his sense or taste must recognise in all his books the presence of a fine, manly feeling. There is no littleness in his writings. A brother predisposed by early associations to see things in the same way might very naturally and pardonably yield to the admiration excited by intimate association with so much that is straightforward and honourable. The similarity thus produced between two brothers, or two other near relations, often causes casual judges to do great injustice to the lesser one. They think that he is a mere feeble imitator, whereas it is one of the great bonds and props of family life that people who live together come naturally to look at things in the way in which the strongest and finest character has worked out the common family vein of thought.

There is an action of the husband on the wife which is exactly the same in kind, and which is one of the surest, though perhaps one of the least recognised, agencies in bringing about matrimonial happiness. If a husband has any decided opinions, and any strength of character, he is sure to bring his wife to think like him. If this were not so, what a wall of separation would divide married couples! whereas, in real life, it is one of the prettiest of sights to see a young wife innocently nestling into her husband's beliefs. It is not argument that works the change, but the silent weight of force of character operating in a sphere of circumstances that is the same to both alike. Religious differences would be the bane of serious couples, in these days of minor controversies, if this were not so. The man might be Low, and the lady High, or *vice versa*, and they would always come one at a time out of their mental retreats, like the Jack and Gill in the toys that show the fluctuations of the weather, and never meet or have any friendly interchange of thought with each other. But time and a silent good-humour will rub off any woman's angularities of persuasion. She could argue till you were deaf, and would perversely do the most disagreeably devout things to

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provoke you; but she cannot stand the quiet, jolly, unargumentative assumption that you are all right, and she is a dear little thing. The best sort of women always think as their husbands do, if they have any sort of respect for them. If the husband is Blue, the wife thinks the House of Lords the finest institution under the sun; if he is Buff, she longs to protect the poor against an insolent aristocracy; if he is High, she is ready to drop a Baptist grocer at a moment's notice, and go to a good Churchman who sells bad tea; if he is Low, she would as soon go to a Bible meeting as have a new bonnet. There is something very fine and sweet in this adaptability of women, and it is one of the numerous drawbacks of Catholicism that, under that system, it is interfered with. A priest spoils the process. A woman is framed to obey, but she cannot obey two men at once, and she is apt to reserve her obedience for the one who can frighten her most, and over whom she has the least hold.

The certainty with which superiority and thoroughness of character will tell in family life ought to make the relations of the big members of the family to the little ones much simpler and pleasanter than they often are. Conscientious people are always worrying themselves about setting an example. The only example people ever really set is that exhibited by their being what they are. If men are honest and independent, those who live with them will know that they are, and will be impressed by that knowledge more or less deeply according to the differences of individual character. No piece of virtue can be more wholly superfluous, for example, than when a sleepy squire rolls himself to church on a hot afternoon, because it will be so good for the servants to fancy he likes going. They know all about it. They know he goes for their sake. They watch the interval of repose which he allows himself between the Creed and the singing. They notice the glister in his eye when the benediction dismisses him to go and see how the young pheasants are getting on. So far as they are concerned, he might have spared himself the trouble of repairing to the sacred edifice. They will judge him and improve themselves accordingly as they find him practically good or bad in matters where he is obliged to come before them. They can feel in a moment whether he is the sort of man that may be relied on at a pinch, and who will never cheat them, or shrink from the conflict when they try to cheat him. If he is worth looking up to, a big brother need never trouble himself to get the little brothers to look up to him. It will happen as a matter of course, and it would be a wretched world if it were not so. As the readers of Mr. Henry Kingsley's book smile at the odd, solemn, and almost unconscious way in which he preaches his brother's gospel, they may notice, in his pages, if they will but reflect, an illustration of one of the great cardinal principles that keeps society together—the principle that, where there is a similarity of circumstances, strength of character in one member of a group induces a general similarity of opinion.

THE CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.

WE have already described the theatre of the war in Northern Italy. We proceed now to the opening of the campaign and the position of the combatants. To the military student it is difficult to conceive anything more interesting. Upon this very ground, more than half a century ago, the ancestors of the men who now stand opposed to each other fought for empire. In those plains the greatest military genius perhaps that the world ever saw achieved his most brilliant victories; and there is scarcely a city or a river between the Alps and the Adriatic which he did not render famous by some memorable achievement. The map of Northern Italy is as familiar to the military student as the streets of London to a native cabman. It is the text-book in which the theory of war has been studied and illustrated. Nor has this theoretical study been barren of results. For more than half a century the Austrian officers have been reflecting on the blunders of their own marshals and the successful movements of their French adversaries. They have considered every possible contingency, and have prepared themselves to meet every possible attack. Their lines of communication are numerous and in good order—their fortresses and entrenchments are supposed to be models of military science. Moreover, the three armies are said to be in the highest state of efficiency; they are animated by feelings of the bitterest rivalry; and the staff-officers have received the very best education. In short, it is difficult to conceive how any three armies can be better prepared for a great struggle.

In one respect, however, the Austrians ought to have the advantage over the French and the Sardinians. They are one army. There is nothing to prevent an undivided command; whereas their opponents are composed of two armies, and there must be two chiefs. It may, perhaps, turn out that this advantage is more nominal than real. For, judging from present events, it seems doubtful whether Count Gyulai is a man fit to command a great army, or indeed whether he is not hampered and controlled by orders from Vienna. At all events, the officer in the Austrian service who enjoys the highest reputation is Baron Hess; nor has any explanation been given why he is not at the head of the Austrians, unless it be that he will not submit to carry into effect plans of which he does not approve. On the other hand, the Allies must not only act under two different commanders, but these commanders have the misfortune to be, the one a King, the other an Emperor. Louis Napoleon is not the sort of

man to exercise a mere nominal command; and yet, to begin the career of a soldier by commanding 150,000 men is surely somewhat hazardous. The truth is, that if the military prowess of the three nations now in arms is to be fairly tested, the best plan would be to select the two most distinguished officers that can be found, to divide the opposing forces into two armies, and to put each under one absolute chief. This, however, is a result which will never be submitted to except after some great disaster.

Before war was declared, the Austrian army is said to have consisted of 120,000 men ready for action. It was posted along the Ticino—the boundary between Lombardy and Sardinia—between Pavia and the Lago Maggiore, a distance of forty miles. This army drew its supplies from the East, and its means of communication were facilitated by railway through Milan to Verona. It is now said to amount to 180,000 men at the least. On the other hand, the Sardinian army consisted of some 50,000 men, but this force was every day receiving accessions by volunteers from all parts of Italy. It was massed between Casale and Alessandria—both strongly fortified, and forming, in fact, the keys to the Sardinian kingdom. It is not to be supposed that these 50,000 men could contend against nearly three times their number, and, in fact, they ought to be regarded as the mere advanced guard of the allied army. With the main body of that army in France there were two lines of communication—the one across the Alps by Mont Cenis and St. Genevieve—the other by the ports of Marseilles and Genoa.

Just before war was declared, a line of defence had been prepared by the Sardinians, but it was yet to be occupied. That line extended from the banks of the Dora, which had been strengthened by defensive works, to Genoa, a distance of some ninety miles. It may be divided into four portions. The first part comprised the banks of the Dora, and covered Turin; the second ran eastward, along the south side of the Po, from the junction of the Dora to Casale, with its *tête de pont* on the north bank of the Po; the third part ran southward along that river by Valenza (where the Po again turns eastward), to Alessandria; and the fourth part ran from Alessandria still southward by Novi to Genoa. This line of defence was certainly too extensive for an army of 50,000 men, but it must be observed that a railway connects its two extremities, so that extraordinary facilities existed for concentrating the troops upon any point that might be threatened. Except in the Crimean war, and in the Indian rebellion, this is the first time in history in which railways have played a part in a campaign. Probably the strongest part of the line just described is that comprised between Casale and Alessandria. The space between the Po and the Ticino consists of rice-fields, which may be artificially inundated so as to render manœuvring almost impossible; and to this must be added the fact that before the Piedmontese army could be defeated a considerable river must be crossed and an action fought in a well-prepared field of battle. So much for an attack upon the centre. Again, an attack by the south bank of the Po would certainly have rendered the crossing of that river unnecessary. But then the point of attack must have been Novi, in order to cut off the communication between Genoa and Alessandria. To that town there is only one great road, running between mountains and a broad river, and in moving along it both the flank and rear of any invading force would be terribly exposed. The only remaining line of advance is that by the north of the Po. In this direction no resistance was to be expected, for the Sardinians had deliberately abandoned the country. There were at least three great roads—one by Borgo Manero, another by Novara, and a third by Montara—along which an army might advance with an extended front, and with the utmost rapidity, upon the Sardinian capital.

The Austrian army having determined to assume the offensive, the object naturally was to crush the 50,000 Sardinians before the French troops could appear upon the scene, or at all events to block up one line of communication with France by marching straight upon Susa and seizing the mountain passes, so as to prevent the French debouching into the plains. But the Austrians preferred the dilatory course. The Austrian general, indeed, crossed the Ticino with an overwhelming force, but, having crossed, he seems to have hesitated. At first he advanced to Mortara and Vercelli; but on the 3rd and 4th of May he opened a cannonade, as if to cross the Po at Frassinetto, near Casale, in which he lost a certain number of men. Some, however, say that this was only a feint for the purpose of enabling the engineers to destroy the railway bridge at Valenza. Moreover, General Benedek is described as having crossed the Po at a place called Cornale, with a large body of troops, but finding it difficult to maintain his communication with the north bank, he almost immediately retreated. According to the last accounts, the Austrian general has withdrawn from Vercelli, and destroyed the bridge over the Sesia; and his headquarters are now at Garlasco, on the road between Mortara and Pavia. Such is his position on the north bank of the Po. On the south bank he is said to have 12,000 men at Castel San Giovanni, a few miles east of Stradella. At the same time, it must be observed that the Austrian general has been indefatigable in making reconnaissances. Parties have been upon every road which traverses the country between the extreme right of the line to the extreme left. They have approached Ivrea—they have pushed their men within thirty miles of Turin—they have explored every nook of the rice district between Vercelli and Mortara on the north, and the Po on the south. On the

right bank of that river they have been at Sale, close to the plain of Marengo, and they have even penetrated as far as Bobbio on the Trebbia. These movements, however, seem to show that the Austrians have abandoned any intention of attacking the allied armies. Indeed, their object in crossing the Ticino seems to have been twofold—first, to live at the expense of the enemy; and secondly, to give an appearance of confidence in their strength. At the same time there is little doubt that the Austrian officers are now preparing a position in which they mean to accept battle, just as the Russians prepared the field of the Alma. Whether this will be behind the Sesia or behind the Ticino, it would be premature to anticipate.

On the side of the Allies there has been the utmost activity. The moment for crushing the Sardinian army has certainly passed, for the line of defence from the Dora to Genoa is now manned. No sooner was war certain than the French troops hastened over Mont Cenis, and crowded into the port of Genoa; whilst the Corniche road along the coast was filled with cavalry and artillery. Already, it is said, more than 100,000 Frenchmen are in Sardinia; and the speed and punctuality with which the French troops disembarked at Genoa has been observed with admiration by the officers of the English fleet. General Niel is on the Dora, Macmahon is by his side, Marshal Canrobert at Alessandria, Baraguay d'Hilliers at Novi, and the Emperor himself is at Alessandria, whilst the head quarters of the Sardinian army are at San Salvador. The Sardinians appear to have made some reconnaissances, and Garibaldi is eager to make a dash at the enemy. The sufferings inflicted upon the inhabitants of the invaded territories will no doubt render Victor Emmanuel anxious to attack the Austrians. But his impatience must be restrained. The French Emperor has a great stake in the game, and he is the last man to be hurried into disaster. The task of defeating an Austrian army is by no means easy, and it must still occupy some time before the Allies can be in a position to assume the offensive.

A WHIG HISTORIOGRAPHER.

THE Imperial Commander-in-Chief whose forces are about to carry war into the fertile plains of Northern Italy has not neglected to take with him his chronicler. The Whigs, who have seen, as a party, their best fighting days, and who live on the memory of past campaigns, have not yet dismissed from their employ that useful functionary, the historiographer. The memory of Agamemnon would have perished had it not been for Homer, and really, but for Sir Charles Wood, we might have quite forgotten the exploits of the Whig leaders at the great siege of the Protectionist citadel. He stands on the field long after all others have left it, and lifts up his voice to cover his chiefs with glory. No doubt he in some degree embellishes his theme. But allowances must be made for the feelings and imagination of the Whig minstrel. The last line of light that dies away upon the battle-plain leaves the bard performing a *pas de fascination* with the Muse of History. His mission is to hymn deeds done in battles which his patrons never fought, and consequently which they can only be considered, under a bold metaphorical image, to have won. When all is over, he takes the colours of his regiment home with him, and devotes his time to stitching on those antiquated silken streamers the names of actions in which that regiment cut a somewhat sorry figure. The Belgians that ran away before the firing began have as good a right to embroider Waterloo upon their flag as Sir Charles Wood to claim for the Whigs the achievement of Free-Trade.

Every troop must have a trumpeter; and had Sir Charles, in his late West Riding speech, confined himself to blowing the trumpet of the party to which he belongs, we might have wondered, but we should have held our tongues, blew he never so loudly. He has chosen, however, to vilify nobler statesmen than himself, to whom the real praise is due. He has sought to rob great tombs of their epitaphs in order to inscribe a stolen eulogium upon escutcheons less worthy. Whigs are always illustrious at social gatherings. It was after an election luncheon that the spirits of this notable Free-trader rose and led him to attack the shade of Sir Robert Peel. With a pompousness which all who know Sir C. Wood will recognise as peculiarly his own, he spoke of "the removal of those shackles of commerce which were struck off at the last moment by a Tory who had abjured his principles, but which removal had been advocated by the Liberal party (the party of a Milton and a Morpeth) under much more unfavourable circumstances—a party who had borne the labour and the heat of the day. There was no credit due to a man who passed that at the last moment which he had opposed all his life, and that not from a sense of duty, but from fear of civil war, and from the dread of famine." The eagles have a right to gather round the body that themselves have slain. But when the eagles are gone, birds of feebler beak and louder note draw nigh and quarrel over the victim. Sir Robert Peel smote the giant of Protection, and Whigs claim the honour of having dealt the blow which they had not strength to strike. For the present, we shall waive all question of the good taste shown by Sir Charles Wood on the occasion referred to. Are the historical views he has given to the electors of the West Riding true, or are they false? Facts are facts, and to facts we will appeal. Were the Whigs the party who bore the brunt of the conflict? Or had they avowedly despised, slighted, pooh-poohed the principle of the repeal of the Corn-laws—only

changing as the current of opinion became violent in its favour—and even at the last barely anticipating the conversion of the "Tory" Minister at whom Sir C. Wood sneers?

When the Melbourne Administration came into office, the question had as yet been mooted by the extreme Liberals only. Mr. Poulett Thomson entered the Cabinet under a special stipulation that he was to be allowed to retain his Anti-Corn-law views despite the narrower predilections of his colleagues. The Whig Premier did not conceal his own estimate of the theories of Mr. Cobden. "I have heard of many mad things in my life," said Lord Melbourne, in his place in Parliament, "but, before God, the idea of repealing the Corn-laws is the maddest I ever heard of." Lord John called it, "mischievous, absurd, impracticable, unnecessary." But in the year 1840 distress and difficulty came upon the country. Lord John began to "modify" his notions, but, having confessed to his Stroud constituency that much was to be said against Protection, was sorry, as usual, for what he had said when he got back to the House. He opposed the motion for hearing evidence on the subject, and counselled Parliament not to examine the question in detail for another year. Next spring came, and the prospects of the Whig Ministry were anything but bright. The League was spreading widely, and the country was agitated. Lord Melbourne thought it high time for a proper-minded Whig to alter his views. Lord John Russell accordingly ate his words of the previous session, and gave notice that he should move for a Committee of the whole House to consider the state of the trade in corn. The Whigs became a "Free-Trade Ministry" in 1841. It was their best chance of continuing in power. But though henceforth the friends of the people, they were friends of the farmer also. They disavowed any idea of a total abolition of the impost. Until Sir Robert Peel ultimately proposed such abolition they were, as a party, pledged to a fixed duty.

When Lord Melbourne went out, in 1841, Sir Robert came in. The Whigs had not been three weeks in Opposition before they began to raise a feeble cry of half-and-half Free-trade. After delaying all consideration of the Corn-laws for five years, they demanded that Sir Robert Peel should pronounce upon the question in a month. He had not been blind to the necessity of dealing with the subject; and, profoundly moved by the growing misery of the poorer classes, he commenced that series of Free-trade experiments which eventually prepared the way for the great measure of 1846. To all the suspicious interrogations of the Protectionists, he replied that he could not pledge himself not to change his views. In 1845, he began to be regarded as a Free-trader. Then Lord John, with great presence of mind, went down from a fixed rate of eight to one of five shillings. It was only in November, 1845, that Lord Morpeth and the noble Lord the member for London joined the cause of total abolition. The famous Edinburgh letter was published just a fortnight before Sir Robert Peel declared himself an enemy of all restriction, and resigned office in favour of rivals who were found too weak to undertake the responsibilities of Government.

Such was the rôle performed for ten sessions by the magnanimous followers of "a Morpeth." Sir Charles Wood has no tribute of admiration to offer to the great statesman who sacrificed his ancient theories "from dread of famine"—who could not bear to see a people starve. What are hungry children and dying wives to political consistency? But will Sir Charles Wood tell us the proper word to describe a set of politicians who were Protectionists once as much as ever Sir Robert Peel was—who "adopted at the last moment that which they had opposed all their lives," not in order to give a nation bread, but to give themselves power and advantage—and who now crown their hypocrisy by appropriating to themselves the glory of another's deed? The Whigs endured no reproach and accomplished no work. But there was one who bore the fiercest heat and the heaviest burden of the day. It was in the teeth of defamers, at the expense of reputation and many a broken friendship, that Sir Robert Peel passed Free-trade. *Tulit alter honores*. Sir Charles boasts of having played a humble part in many a measure since then. He never played a humbler than when he tried to filch the laurels of the dead.

One benefit, at all events, we owe to his speech. He has suggested a point of view from which the Whigs of the last twenty years appear, if not to much advantage, at least in broad daylight. No change comes over their traditional policy. He that is a Whig must be a Whig still. To this day we find the same narrow conceptions, the same small ambition, the same *ad captandum* appeals to vulgar prejudice. They are democrats in Opposition, Tories on the Treasury bench. They avail themselves freely of the services, and as freely of the wages, of the great Liberal body. Other men sow, and they enter in and reap. Let those who have a lingering faith in the disinterested and far-seeing patriotism of the party of "a Morpeth and a Wood" read and digest the story of the famous battle of Free-trade.

THE BALLOT TRIUMPHANT.

THE case for the Ballot is complete. An incident has occurred at Cirencester of such overwhelming turpitude that the force of the argument supplied by it could not be weakened even if Mr. Henry Berkeley should be charged to bring it to bear upon the House of Commons. A cause which has lost by the late

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election some of its ablest advocates, receives in good time a reinforcement of convincing demonstration. The ejection of Mr. Wyld, Mr. Nicoll, and Mr. Cox is fully counterbalanced by the revelation of the abduction practised at Cirencester. The future course of this great movement is now clear, and the goal at hand. Let Mr. Jelinger Symonds write one more pamphlet adapted especially to religious men, and let one more motion be made in the House of Commons, and then the final triumph will have been achieved, and the vigorous organization which has won it will become available for the abolition of the Church, or of the Peers, or of any other old-fashioned obstacle to the intellectual and moral progress of the human race.

Having before our eyes the warning afforded by Sir James Graham, we intend to preserve the utmost caution in speaking of the alleged abduction case at Cirencester. It has been sworn before a bench of magistrates that the house, the liquor, the carriage, and the servants of Mr. Henry Pole were employed on the evening before the polling-day for that borough, to produce in the mind of one John Kibblewhite oblivion of time, of place, of the comforts of home, and of the duties of the ten-pound householder at a crisis of his country's destinies. The magistrates declined to hold Mr. Pole responsible for the excessive zeal in local politics which prevailed in his servants' hall. We have not a word to say against this decision; and we only refer to it in order to show the unreasonableness of Sir James Graham in endeavouring to fix upon the Government the blame of any exuberant Conservatism that may have shown itself at Dover or at Berwick. We may venture to assume, without the risk of becoming involved in a friendly correspondence in the newspapers, that Sir John Pakington and General Peel may have been heard to express some interest in the results of the late elections. The natural anxiety of subordinates to meet the fancied wishes of their chiefs may have led to the unauthorised use of means which those chiefs must unavailingly deplore. Hasty partisans find it convenient to believe that such steps were taken with the knowledge and approval of the leaders whom they were meant to serve. But any attempt to persuade the public to join in such precipitate injustice is readily defeated by the candid statements of the accused Ministers. In order to show the world how easily innocent principals may incur censure through the indiscretion or unscrupulousness of subordinates, we shall do well to recapitulate the chief features of this Cirencester abduction case.

Two days before the election, Mr. Pole and his gardener were seen together in the street. It may have happened elsewhere that about the same time an Admiralty yacht, with a high official and one or two underlings on board, appeared in the vicinity of a dockyard or naval station. The gardener tells a voter that his master wants him to open a drain. So understrappers of Government may have stated at Dover or Plymouth that defensive works, required by the threatening state of European politics, would absorb a large amount of local labour. Such things might occur, we say, without any complicity of the master of Stratton House, or of the Secretary at War, in the employment of a corrupt influence upon the elections to be held soon after. An influential person happens, in the performance of his own or of the public business, to find himself in a particular neighbourhood, and that is all. At half-past four next morning the voter goes to Mr. Pole's to begin opening the drain. He began work thus early in order to gain an hour or two's leisure at midday to listen to the nomination speeches. Here, then, is a model voter, diligent alike in private and in public duty, and strenuous at once to open drains and to enlarge his views of politics. And shall such a social paragon be drugged to keep him from recording his enlightened conviction at the polling-booth? We say, let the Ballot become law forthwith, in order that such scandals may cease for ever to disgrace this country.

Our admiration for Mr. Kibblewhite as a man and a citizen is subject, indeed, to one slight drawback. He already possesses the franchise at Cirencester, and therefore he cannot be referred to as an example of the virtue and intelligence of the classes that are excluded from it. But still he is a working man. He begins his task of opening drains at earliest morn in order to be ready to assist at noon in the political discussions of the hustings. One is reminded of the famous General Hoche, when a corporal of the Garde Française, spending the savings of his pay in candle ends, by the light whereof he read cheap books and qualified himself to command armies. Who knows that if Mr. Kibblewhite perseveres in early rising his experience in opening drains shall not some day be made available in the House of Commons? Sober and industrious, he returns from the hustings to the drain, and in the afternoon he is invited by Mr. Pole's gardener to come into the saddle-room and take a glass of beer; and then the groom's wife offers him a pipe of tobacco, and presently a cup or two of tea at her own table; and then consciousness forsakes him, and next morning he finds himself in bed somewhere, and learns that he is at a public-house in a village a few miles from Cirencester. Remembering, or fancying that he remembers, a dark colour and disagreeable taste in his second cup of tea, he declines all refreshment under the suspected roof, and walks forth resolutely towards the borough where his vote, and the influence it will carry with it, are anxiously expected by the candidate who is not in favour with the household of Mr. Pole. By the help of a carriage, which takes him to the Bear Inn, and of some tea and brandy, and of a few hours' sleep, he did poll ultimately,

to the confusion of his blundering kidnappers and to the joy of all admirers of the Constitution. The oddest part of the story is, that he was driven from Mr. Pole's residence to the public-house in Mr. Pole's carriage, and accompanied by three of the servants who had helped to hocus him, and that he was actually taken past his own door, when his own wife recognised him, drugged and disguised as he was, but seems to have borne the spectacle thus presented to her with very remarkable equanimity.

Now, without assuming that this statement is in all respects true, we may safely draw from it the conclusion that the name and resources of a gentleman in Mr. Pole's position might be used to influence the election in a neighbouring town on behalf of the candidate whom he was known to favour, and yet that not the slightest proof should exist of his being accessory to any illegal practising upon electors. Country gentlemen, it is undeniable, are in the habit of keeping grooms, and grooms are, or ought to be, sharp fellows. Their principles of morality, too, are likely to be drawn from the racing stables, where many of them have learned their business, and a pupil of such a school would probably think it a very small matter to hocus an elector, and might hesitate much longer if asked to physic a race-horse or to ride a losing match. But is there, then, no means of preventing practices like those which are alleged to have been resorted to at Cirencester? We cannot abolish country gentlemen because they retain smart grooms, any more than we can do away with property in order to deliver the constituencies from its all-pervading influence. It is not even advisable to annihilate the Admiralty and the War Office because, in disappointment of the pure aspirations of the chiefs of these departments, inferior officers will intermeddle—or, at least, will become suspected of intermeddling—with the choice of members for boroughs which enjoy, or hope that they may enjoy, the benefits of a large Government expenditure. The admitted claim of our licensed victuallers to a more liberal allowance for billeting troops was not to be disregarded because a general election might be thought to be looming in the future. But if we can neither undertake to abolish things in general nor to change the nature of grooms, Government agents, and 10*l.* householders, we arrive, by a process of logical exhaustion, at a clear necessity for the ballot. Those persons who have contended that the ballot would not prevent bribery and intimidation may also attempt to argue that, after its adoption, cups of strangely-flavoured tea would still continue to be administered to voters by fascinating wives of grooms. It may even be pretended that drains would continue liable to be out of order just at the beginning of the election week. But the simple answer to all such sophistry is, that those who use it are mere aristocrats in disguise. It is the territorial interest that employs the grooms who know more than a thing or two, and that owns the drains that need opening, and the carriages that are ready to whirl away senseless voters to sleep off their rum or laudanum, or both, and perhaps to repeat the soothing dose in the bed-rooms of remote ale-houses. It is the aristocracy alone that can and does employ all these means to render freedom and purity of election an impossibility; and, therefore, all patriots, citizens, and Christians—all, that is, who neither possess land nor feed and pay a servants' hall—will feel that it is their highest duty to petition urgently for the Ballot. If, indeed, there be any small minority of cavillers who doubt the efficacy of this universal remedy, such persons may perhaps be glad to see that the statute passed in the year 1854, to prevent the use of bribery, intimidation, abduction, and other fraudulent influences at elections, has actually been invoked, and apparently with some effect, at Cirencester.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

THE Irish Elections are now over, and they point to some results of no slight significance. In the first place, the holy but scandalous union between the Government and the Roman Catholics, to which we alluded last week, has been consummated in Ireland in the most open fashion. In several of the counties and boroughs the Protestant squirearchy and the Romish priesthood have combined to return Derbyite candidates; and the "varying tints" of Orange and Green have more than once formed "an arch of Peace" for open or secret nominees of the Carlton. It is a small matter that, some years ago, "Stanley was the cry" of established Protestantism in difficulties, and that "Scorpion Stanley" stung with no small effect O'Connell and his Maynooth satellites. It is a trifle that, in 1852, Mr. Disraeli "organized" his party upon the "hypocrisy" that our "Protestant Crown" was in danger from "Popery;" and we need not dwell on the fact that the present Chancellor and Attorney-General for Ireland are devout adepts in the cant of Anti-Catholicism. These things are forgotten or forgiven, and the Irish elections of 1859 have been the signal of an alliance which savours strongly of the "Lichfield House compact." The allegiance of Mr. Bowyer to the Ministerial ranks has been welcomed by the sacerdotal tribunes who "hold the keys" of the borough of Dundalk. Messrs. MacEvoy, Corbally, Blake, and Maguire, who all voted for the Disraelite Reform Bill, have been the favourites of Holy Church on different hustings in Ireland, and owe their seats in Parliament entirely to her influence. In King's County, Cardinal Wiseman pro-

posed a candidate who never saw or owned an acre in it; and straightway its peculiarly Derbyite nobility and gentry moved heaven and earth to make him their representative. In short, the opponents of the appropriation clause, and the mitred antagonists of the Church, with a vast and motley following at either side, have composed their differences on their former battle-field; and the vinegar of Derbyism and the oil of Romanism have, in Ireland, coalesced into a mixture which—we agree for once with Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate—is very unpleasant to well-regulated consciences.

The mere critic who notes all this will turn to *Hansard*, and satisfy his spleen by quoting Lord Derby against himself as the leader of a thimble-rig Cabinet, that shifts the pea from "Protestantism" to "Popery" at its convenience. Nor do we write for zealots of the school of M'Neill and Gregg, who probably will howl too much about this alliance—nor for Tories of the Sibthorp and Knatchbull stamp, who will again mutter *nusquam tuta fides*, and renew a lease of confidence to Mr. Disraeli on the principle of the best bargain. But those who wish to see Ireland well governed, and represented by men not unworthy of her, will pause an instant and seek the causes of this evil and debasing combination. It is not, indeed, a matter of astonishment that a Government of the *quocunque modo rem* sort should purchase support in any market, and drag its followers through any depths of inconsistency. But why the priests of Ireland and their flocks should betray a tendency to prefer a class of men who are generally found voting with ultra-Protestants to those who have always identified themselves with Liberal opinions is worthy of a little consideration. The faint intimation made by Lord Derby, that Roman Catholic gaol chaplains ought to be provided for, is quite inadequate to account for the fact—especially if we recollect that only five years ago Messrs. Disraeli and Walpole supported Mr. Spooner in a raid against Lord Aberdeen on this very subject. Equally insufficient, so far as Ireland is concerned, are the supposed Austrian sympathies of the Cabinet, though these have had considerable effect in influencing Roman Catholic opinion in England. Nor can it be said that this alliance has been purchased by Castle patronage; for it is notorious that, under the present régime, the Roman Catholics of Ireland do not get fair play in the distribution of power and place. For instance, at the Bar of Ireland, which affords better grounds for an estimate than any other Irish institution, Roman Catholic barristers have of late been as regularly excluded from office as, during the recent Phoenix trials, Roman Catholic jurors were banished from the jury-box. Messrs. Napier and Whiteside satisfy their consciences for their abandonment of "the glorious, pious, and immortal" memory of Orangeism by shutting the door of patronage in the face of any lawyer who is at all infected with the taint of "Popery."

The causes of this disreputable league are, we think, neither recent nor temporary. In the first place, ever since 1846, Derbyism has been more or less in friendly association with the communists of the Irish Tenant-right League, who, after 1848, transferred their allegiance from Mr. Smith O'Brien to the Irish priesthood. It is significant that in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck* Mr. Disraeli does not conceal his sympathy with this party, that the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland openly espoused its cause in 1852 by his famous proposal of "retrospective tenant compensation," and that, this year, when addressing the electors of Trinity College, Mr. Whiteside mingled a pledge of a coming "Tenant Bill" with his usual anti-Papal fustian. It is not strange, therefore, that Irish Socialism, in close union with Irish Romanism, which uses it for its own purposes, should look with kindness on the only Government of Great Britain which has ever had the audacity to sanction it, and should vow its allegiance to that Government. Further, the infatuation of the Durham letter has alienated from Lord John Russell the mass of the Irish Roman Catholics; and as they think that this election is a personal question between him and Lord Derby, many of them prefer the man who, at worst, is merely an opponent, to a professed ally who wantonly insulted them. Thus the Whig leader has made converts to Derbyism in Ireland, and it seems probable, so long as he aspires to the Premiership, or should a clique of his adherents predominate at the Castle, that he will force into the Tory scale a large part of the weight of Irish Romanism. Add to this that the benefits conferred by the Whigs on Roman Catholic Ireland are now somewhat out of date—that their Irish government, from 1846 to 1851, was occasionally marked by discourtesy and harshness, and owed its main triumphs to an inspiration not their own—and that Derbyism, at this election, has somehow contrived to identify itself with the name of Sir Robert Peel, which in Ireland is beloved by the Roman Catholics like a household word. Remembering these things, we can comprehend why, in several instances, it has received support from a party naturally its antagonist. Neither its connexion with an Orange-Tory squirearchy, nor its avowed anti-Maynooth tendencies, nor its profligate league with Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate in opposition, conveniently and shamelessly abandoned in office, nor its old association with the bigotry of Eldon and Perceval, in which so lately as 1854 Mr. Disraeli impliedly concurred—none of these things have prevented it, in several Irish elections, from being on the popular side, and from receiving the whole aid of the popular faith.

Pudet hac opprobria nobis. But the great Liberal party of

England ought to see, from the results of these Irish elections, that a new liberal policy is necessary for Ireland. If this be the tendency of affairs in that country, it can only be counteracted on the part of Liberals by conduct differing in many respects from the late Irish policy of Lord John Russell. We certainly are not advocates of tenant-right, either in the sense of the Tenant League, or of Lord Chancellor Napier, and we believe that "landlord wrong" is its proper appellation; but we think that, in conformity with the Report of the Devon Commission, the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland might be brought into harmony with the actual exigencies of her society. We are not admirers of sacerdotal Romanism, but we acknowledge that in Ireland it is a mighty force, which, we think, deserves attention and courtesy rather than alternations of outrages and concordats. Furthermore, reforms in Ireland should rather be material, as was well pointed out by Sir Robert Peel, than of a purely political character, which has been too much the Whig idea; and every effort should be made, by education and otherwise, to enlist on the side of good government the new interests which of late years have grown up in the country. Finally, we hope that the next Liberal Government of Ireland will distribute the immense patronage at its command with less regard than hitherto to cliquism and Castle influence, and that it will steadily carry out the policy—first practised about twenty years ago by the Whigs, and subsequently adopted by Sir Robert Peel, though now disregarded by his Derbyite contemporaries—that the "bounty of the State shall be open to Irishmen without regard to religious distinctions."

A HOLIDAY AMONG THE LAKES.

II.

ON the morning of the 17th of April we slowly climbed the slopes of Skiddaw—a mountain of noble mass and fine form, with warm brown heather clothing his haunches like a fur. The summits seen from Keswick are not the real ones—the highest point lies nearly a mile behind. We mounted them in succession, and found ourselves finally in shelter of the Ordnance surveyor's mound. Two posts were erect there, to which the snow clung, being drawn out by the wind like the filaments of a white beard. The structure of these clotted masses was remarkable. In the solid condition, the particles of ice must have exerted their crystalline forces, and laid themselves, in obedience to these forces, side to side and end to end—the result being a structure which resembled a frozen moss. On the windward side the particles had built themselves into little white cockades, having central stems and branching feathers; the central portions being delicately veined at right angles to the direction in which the snow had been urged. It resembled a microscopic case of glacier lamination, and the very pressure to which the latter is ascribed seemed to have its representant in the force of the wind.

Among the fragments of slate upon the summit we found numerous examples of cleavage and stratification running *across* each other. It has long been known that both phenomena are distinct; and, many years ago, a German observer inferred from the condition of the fossils contained in slate rock that the mass containing them had been forcibly compressed. The subject has been recently revived in this country, new cases of pressure have been discovered, and it has also been shown that pressure is sufficient to produce the cleavage. Slate rock may be triturated to a mud similar to that of which it was originally composed; and this mud may be converted by artificial pressure into fissile slate. Thus it appears that to produce our writing tablets and roofing materials, nature has been squeezing, probably for ages, the sediment of ancient rivers in her adamantines presses.

We descended the mountain by a route which bristled with the spikes of weathered slate, towards Bassenthwaite Water. All along we found ourselves in the track of the sun's reflected rays, while the ripples ran and trembled in burnished curves over the surface of the lake as if their motions were regulated by music. Next morning we rowed from Keswick to Lodore, where we landed and advanced up Borrodale. The slate quarries on our way interested and instructed us, and near the so-called Bowder Stone we discovered the evidences of ancient glacier action. The rounded forms of the rocks first attracted attention, and closer examination left no doubt upon the mind as to the agency by which they had been rounded. Weathered as most of them were, it was difficult to detect the finer scratchings; but the larger flutings and scoopings-out were as palpable as they are to-day in the glacial valleys of the Alps. Arriving at the junction of two valleys, we left that which led up to the Stake Pass on our right, and ascended Greenup, from the high plateau of which we could plainly see the extended field occupied by the ancient glaciers. Our aim now was the Langdale Pikes; and, through swamps and snow, we reached two summits which we supposed to be the ones we sought, but which really took us far away from them. On the second of those summits we discovered our mistake, and soon repaired it. We climbed the Pikes in succession. They are not lofty, but precipitous and bold, and they command a charming prospect.

Descending from the Pikes, one of us proceeded in a vertical plane, climbing and descending as the land required, towards Angle Tarn; the other made an easier circuit round the pass of

the Stake. We met and crossed Eskhouse together. Great End was at our left, with huge icicles dependent from its ledges, and on the summit of the "hause" the snow lay deep. As we approached Sprinkling Tarn, magnificent cases of glacier action unfolded themselves. Round about the tarn the rocks are all ground and polished, some flat, some dome-shaped—their association with the tarn suggesting the idea that the hollow which it fills had also been scooped out by the same agency. On some of the "domes" we found angular blocks which had been stranded there when the glacier retired. The sphere of action was so distinct, and its character so pronounced, that the imagination involuntarily restored the ice to its ancient reign, and the Scawfell glaciers were presented to the mind's eye as they existed before the advent of man.

These facts are not without their application at present, when glaciers constitute a topic of such general interest. A warm contest was waged for a considerable time between the adherents of the so-called sliding theory of Saussure and the viscous theory of Professor Forbes. The facts most favouring their own views were of course brought most prominently forward by the rival advocates, but the supporters of the viscous theory had the inestimable advantage of being better acquainted with the actual phenomena than those who happened to be their opponents. The consequence has been that the points favouring the viscous theory have been so multiplied, and so ably handled, as to drive the antagonistic hypothesis completely from the field. But let us look soberly on the facts above cited. What is it that grinds, scratches, and polishes the rocks, and scoops the land into basins which form the moulds of mountain lakes and tarns? Assuredly all these actions must be due to a sliding of the glacier over its bed. In the bottom of the glacier, stones and pebbles are set like an emery, and it is the bodily motion of the gigantic polisher that accomplishes the work. Hence the sliding theory is indubitably true; but it is far from being complete. Ice possesses a power of yielding to great pressure, of which Saussure had no notion, and which Forbes was the first to bring prominently forward; and to this physical quality, call it what we will, a portion of the motion is also due. So that instead of either theory being true to the exclusion of the other, both of them must be invoked to account for the observed phenomena.

At Wastdale Head we were in the vicinity of the highest land in England, and felt a natural desire to stand upon the topmost stone. On the morning of the 19th we quitted the farmhouse in which we had found good food and warm shelter, crossed the valley, and climbed one of the spurs of Scawfell. Mr. Ruthven's map, and a few words from our agricultural host, constituted our only guidance. Turning to our left when we reached the top of the ridge, we proceeded gently upwards until a point was attained from which we could see Styx Head Tarn across a shoulder of the mountain. Here we turned to the right, and picked our steps amid snow and broken boulders, until the brow of an incline being attained, we saw the summit of Scawfell Pike before us. Crossing a plateau we reached a heap of disorganized stones—the ruins of a huge mound with which nature had capped the mountain, but which the frosts had torn to fragments. Stepping from stone to stone we reached the small artificial mound which marks the highest point, and on the sunny side of which we unlocked our serip and brandyflasks, and allowed ourselves the refreshment which we had earned by our climb. It was a glorious day, the sky bright and blue, the sun warm, though the breeze was keen, while mountains and valleys and lakes were all revealed without cloud or mist to mask their forms. We lay in the shelter for an hour, cozy and warm, permitting the scene around us to get more intimately woven with our thoughts. But Scawfell rose to our right, turning towards us a black precipitous flank, and separated from us by the chasm of Mickledore. We had found appalling accounts of this gorge in all the guide books, and we inferred that it was a rift in the mountain, bounded by terrific precipices, which one or two "adventurous dalesmen" had succeeded in crossing at the imminent peril of their lives. The picture drawn of the dangers of the place naturally rendered it an object of interest to us; and though we had no intention of placing our necks in peril, we thought we might, without risk, inform ourselves of the general character of the gulf. We therefore descended towards it, and seldom has it been our lot to witness so strong a divergence of the actual from the ideal. The gulf dwindled to a practicable little ravine, and the passage of Mickledore was not even effected by crossing it; but was made along a little saddle which stretched with a gentle curvature from mountain to mountain. We thought of the brave damsels whom we had seen tripping across *les Ponts*, scrambling down *l'Angle*, or squeezing their decolined bodies through the cleft of the *Egralets*. What would they have thought of Mickledore? Scawfell and its Pikes, with Mickledore added, would have been merely an appetizing morning ramble for these fair Amazons.

The fact is, Mickledore can hardly be called a chasm at all. There are some noble crags near it, and the echoes of the place, bounded as it is on one side by Scawfell Pike, on the other by Scawfell itself, are wonderful. As we shifted our positions they babbled to us now from one crag, now from another, like the voice of a ventriloquist—the sound appearing to come to us at different times in totally different directions. The difficulty connected with Mickledore belongs, not to the gorge, but to the ascent of the opposite mountain. This, we confess, would be

rather formidable to a lady, and on the day to which we now refer, its difficulties were a little augmented by the frost and snow. We tried the cliffs at one place, reached a platform, rounded a crag, and found ourselves upon a ledge with smooth vertical walls above and below us. We retreated and tried a neighbouring point. The mountain was broken into rocky ledges, from the edges of which long icicles hung like stalactites, while stalagmitic heaps lay upon the ledges beneath them. These we were obliged to remove to render our footing secure, but, this being once effected, the danger was very trifling. Fifteen minutes' effort carried us over all serious difficulty; and the ascent afterwards, though steep, and sometimes demanding both hands and feet, was perfectly easy. Of course this is altogether a term of relation. There are people to whom Primrose Hill would not be easy; and, to persons given to giddiness, or lacking sufficient sureness of foot or strength of grasp, Mickledore is not recommendable; but, to any ordinary cragsman it presents a pleasant bit of mountain practice, and nothing more. It might, perhaps, be stated generally that as far as the mountains are concerned, one might undertake to walk through Cumberland and Westmoreland, in any given direction, without deviating a hundred yards from a straight line.

From the summit of Scawfell we scanned the grouping of the surrounding mountains, examined the magnetic condition of its rocks, and, having secured a mental photograph of the scene, descended. A steep slope covered with loose shingle led down to the valley to our right, and choosing a place where the *débris* was fine, we glided down the mountain as Alpine climbers descend slopes of snow. At first we stood erect, but subsequently tried sitting. The shingle glided beneath us, and heaped itself at intervals as a barrier in front, but a slight pressure upon the staff lifted us over the barrier, and we slid swiftly down amid the rattle and rumble of companionable stones. The day continued fair till sunset, but, as evening advanced, Great Gable appeared to carry on a conflict with a grey cloud which assailed his summit, and which boded no good for the morrow. The morrow came, and streaks and patches of dirty cloud disfigured the blue of heaven, while the general air was thickened by a dusky haze. We started early to ascend the Pillar mountain, which had been pointed out to us by our host. Its apparent summit was in sight, and one of us went straight up the mountain towards the top, while the other pursued a more gently sloping *couloir* to the left. On reaching the topmost ridge, each found himself alone, enveloped in impenetrable fog, which rolled, and boiled, and eddied from side to side of the mountain. The fog tearing itself asunder at intervals, high precipices and deep black gorges showed themselves to the right. Half-concealed and half-revealed, their gloom added to their grandeur. With compass in hand, we clambered over the craggy ridge in search of our companion, shouting his name, but receiving not even an echo in reply. We at length met each other, and before we got clear of the mountain, had occasion to feel the blessed aid which the magnetic needle renders to man. Returning along the ridge, we met a shepherd, and he undertook to point out to us the direction in which Great Gable lay. His instructions finished, we took out our compass to secure the bearing; but on looking at it, he exclaimed that he was wrong. In the gloom he had mistaken his position, which he now corrected, taking us to another point, where we parted company. We crossed Blackmail, and walked for an hour over broken boulders along the mountain side. Coming to a steep gorge partially filled with snow, we inferred that it would lead us to the summit of Great Gable. We ascended it, the fog cleared a little, and we found ourselves upon the top of Kirkfell. The air by fits became clearer, and we saw Great Gable in front of and above us. We descended Kirkfell, crossed the saddle, assailed Great Gable, and soon found ourselves upon its weathered apex. The view was grand, and the mutations of the atmosphere were wonderful. We chose the shingle for our descent, and in the manner already described, went swiftly and pleasantly down the mountain. Next day we walked, partly by path and partly by no track, over the mountain heads to Conistone, wild icy winds having cut our cheeks upon the shoulder of the Old Man. In the valley, below the copper mines, we found some excellent specimens of striated rocks; the substance was hard, and had been protected from the weather by a layer of drift. The groovings were as plain and sharp as if they had been cut by the glaciers last year. At Conistone we remained a night, and saw there the magnificent streamers of the 21st. The next day we walked to Windermere, and that same evening were immersed in the smoke of Preston.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

OF all the pictures in the Royal Academy there can be little doubt that Mr. Millais' "Spring" attracts most attention. This is something in its favour. As far as it goes, it is a merit in literature, painting, or any of the fine arts, to excite interest. It is clear, however, that this alone is not sufficient. A man may command attention by his faults just as much as by his merits, and whoever is satisfied with notoriety alone can always obtain his end. That "Spring" is a singular painting is certain enough. The colouring, the subject, and the composition in it, as in most pre-Raphaelite works, seem to be studiously made as unlike the common run of pictures as is well possible. This

singularity is not alone sufficient to condemn it, any more than to establish its excellence. Without assuming that the ordinary treatment is wrong, it is quite possible that other methods may be right. No painter can give a perfectly adequate representation of nature. A one-sided, formalized repetition is all which can ever be hoped for, and we have only a right to demand that more important elements should not be sacrificed to less important, and that an artist should rightly estimate, and rightly employ, his powers. The principle which lies, or at any rate lay, at the bottom of Pre-Raphaelitism, is undoubtedly sound, when broadly stated. It is nothing more nor less than that nature is wiser than man, and that conventional rules should not be allowed to blind us to evident facts. Unhappily, it is much easier to lay down an indisputable axiom than to carry it out consistently in practice, and unimpeachable truths frequently bear very ambiguous fruit. The Quakers, like the Pre-Raphaelites, started with a repudiation of conventionalism, but they have become the merest formalists of all existing sects. The Pre-Raphaelites bid fair to follow in their steps. They are generally known, not for their greater fidelity to nature, but for their oddities. This is the inevitable result of all such spasmodic attempts. No great school of art has ever yet sprung up armed from head to foot. All true progress has ever been gradual, and has resulted not from a conscious antagonism to contemporary characteristics, but from a desire to adopt and improve upon the good which was to be found in them. Mediæval Gothic architecture has, indeed, been sometimes spoken of as if it were an exception to this rule. It has been represented as an entirely new form which suddenly appeared and expelled pre-existing styles. This notion is, however, we believe, utterly incorrect. The data are not quite so complete as could be desired, but, so far as they go, they tend to prove that the advance of Gothic was as gradual, and as little urged by a spirit of contradiction, as that of all the other arts has been. Had the Pre-Raphaelites been content with a less violent antagonism, it would have been better for themselves and art generally. Because other painters had made their foliage too invariably brown or yellow, there was no need for grass of a glaring coppery green. Because the practice of generalizing was too prevalent, it was not necessary to make dandelions and daisies the most conspicuous objects. It was possible to avoid false refinement without introducing coarse red hair and lips, which look as if they had been coated with crimson lip-salve. This passion for ugliness is the most mysterious of all Pre-Raphaelite fancies. Pretty faces are precisely as true to nature as ugly ones; and it is impossible to find any good reason for rejecting the former in favour of the latter. To do so is, in fact, to be guilty of the very error against which Pre-Raphaelite art is a protest. It is a false pretence to unreal ease. It is a pretence that the painter does not, like other painters, trouble himself about his model, but takes faces and figures as they come. No one is taken in. A plain or singular face is obviously selected just as much as a pretty one. To pretend to be entirely indifferent upon such matters is affectation, just as much as to pretend to execute a painting without care and labour is affectation. If not an affectation of indifference, it is an affectation of superiority. When a painter deliberately depicts a succession of ugly women, it must mean one of two things. It must mean either that beauties being rare in real life, he thinks ordinary-looking countenances will give a greater air of truthfulness to his painting—that is to say, he pretends not to have exercised his judgment and will in a matter in which he must have exercised it—or that physical beauty is a poor thing, purposely rejected as unworthy of his art, and that he relies simply upon expression and character. This sort of assumed superiority to the ordinary foibles of mankind can never be successful. The Pre-Raphaelites have undertaken a task beyond their powers if they think to put down pretty faces. Dr. Johnson said that the sale of Fielding's *Amelia* was spoiled by her vile broken nose; and if a broken-nosed heroine can spoil the sale of a novel, a red-haired heroine must surely be fatal to a picture.

This fact, indeed, seems to be dawning upon the Pre-Raphaelites. Some of the faces in Mr. Millais' "Spring," and that of the Princess in Mr. A. Hughes' "King's Orchard" are rather pretty; but, though a certain concession to popular weaknesses has been made, there seems to be still a shrinking from gratifying to the full such contemptible tastes, for both painters have been careful to make their beauty of a very infantine order, and, in the "Vale of Rest" (15) and "The Love of James I." (482), the countenances are coarse and masculine. In the former instance there is, indeed, no reason to quarrel with this, for nuns have been the theme of so much false sentiment that it is well to keep clear of hyper-refinement, and a certain sternness of expression best harmonizes with the subject; but why, in the latter, James's mistress should have such projecting cheek-bones, and why her cheeks should be of a colour for which a high fever or an injudicious use of rouge can alone account, seems to be altogether unintelligible. Mr. Millais is, however, always singular in the colour which he employs for the countenance. In "Spring" nothing can be more unnatural than the complexions of most of the figures. Many of them, particularly one reclining in the background, are of a ghastly white, looking as if they either were dangerously ill or had painted themselves with white lead, while their cheeks have a hectic flush, and their lips are swollen and red. It is possible, indeed, that we are to understand from this that they have heated themselves with romping before proceeding to refresh themselves with the beverage at which one of them is

making such an extraordinary grimace; but if so, they will certainly be laid up with severe colds. Apart from its eccentricity, it is difficult to see what claims this work has to be considered Pre-Raphaelite, for it assuredly cannot boast minute and careful finish. The one point upon which, apparently, study has been bestowed is the arrangement of the colours. Harmonious and inharmonious colouring is so purely a matter of taste, that it does not admit of argument; but, considered simply as a mass of brilliant colours, and judged as a window of stained glass might be judged, the result seems to us to be satisfactory.

The "Vale of Rest" is a subject in which Mr. Millais's peculiar powers are more happily displayed. There is a profound stillness and solemnity, and a depth of aerial effect which make it a powerful, if not a pleasing, performance. The standard of painting in the background is, however, far in advance of that in the foreground. The wall, the ivy, the trees, seen against the evening sky, are given with remarkable delicacy of aerial perspective, but the painting of the foreground is lamentably inadequate. The head of the sitting nun, and the wreath which lies at her back, are the only parts on which the slightest pains appear to have been bestowed; and such careless, hasty execution as is displayed in the dress of the nun who is digging the grave could not, we believe, be matched in the whole Exhibition. Extremes have met, indeed, if such painting as this is to be considered Pre-Raphaelite; and the error is the greater, inasmuch as the perspective seems to indicate that the spectator is standing nearer to the grave than to the wreath at the other end of the composition. Such is the inevitable and unhappy result of a vaulting ambition which overleaps itself. A few square inches of some bright colour are still laid on with minute fidelity, but it is found that life is too short and human nature too weak to carry out so arduous a theory; and despairing of the high ideal which he once proposed to himself, the painter of "Ophelia" has sunk to the manipulation of a sign-painter. Art admits of many kinds of excellence. A man may be distinguished for his rich colouring, his skilful light and shade, his accurate drawing, or his graceful composition; but if he elects to be distinguished for detailed finish, he must be content to paint few pictures, and small pictures. Coarse daubing will not pass muster because a few flowers are ostentatiously stuck in here and there, or because the forms are uncouth and the colours strange. All the successful efforts of this school have been upon a small scale, and Mr. Millais, if he does not take care, will fall between two stools. It is clear that he cannot carry out, upon his present system, the theory with which he started. He must either abandon altogether the pretence to superior accuracy, or he must be content to spend more time upon smaller works. That he might, if he pleased, shine in some walk of art cannot be doubted. A reputation such as he has established is never made without some good grounds, and there is, in fact, in many of his works a force of expression and an individuality, apart from their eccentricities, which fully justifies his celebrity. That a spirit of artistic faction should have been allowed to pervert his powers is much to be regretted; but there is still plenty of time before him. It will not do, however, any longer to dally with conflicting theories. If in future his claims are to rest upon depth of colour and force of expression, let all affectation of Pre-Raphaelitism be fairly dropped. A little eccentricity will be pardoned when coupled with a really painstaking execution, but it is vain to attempt to make it pass as a substitute. It is due to Mr. Millais to say that he has generally shown great judgment in the selection of his subjects, while other painters are constantly making the mistake of selecting some scene in which it is impossible to give the most important point. Mr. Horsley's "Milton dictating Samson Agonistes" is an instance. Any one who looks at the picture before consulting the catalogue is completely puzzled to know what it means. The explanation, perhaps, which would suggest itself most readily would be that the old man has been taken suddenly ill. A picture like this is what a ball room is to a deaf man. The unnatural action, the constrained attitudes, are seen, but the music which explains them is wanting, and can only be, at best, inadequately called up by an effort of the imagination. Mr. Millais has been more judicious—he has always selected subjects in which the interest lies rather in what is seen than what is understood. So forcible and predominant is the sentiment in the "Vale of Rest" that it almost blinds the spectator to the deficient painting; and in "Spring," the leading idea, though of a different kind, and less happily carried out, is, in itself, no less capable of illustration. Wherever, moreover, Mr. Millais has taken some special incident, as in the "Order of Release," he has generally been careful to take a point at which the progress of the plot is suspended for a moment, and the mind is at liberty to dwell upon the feeling expressed in the painting, without being distracted by the thought of what has preceded or what is about to follow.

That the Pre-Raphaelites are distinguished for bad drawing has often been observed. In "Spring," the apple blossoms are much too large for the figures in the foreground; the girl lying upon her back in one corner looks as if her limbs were dislocated; and the hands, more particularly those of the one pouring out the tea, are inaccurate and slovenly. Mr. Hughes' "King's Orchard," however, bears away the palm in this respect. The shape of the Princess—"if shape it might be called, which shape had none"—is most extraordinary. An enormous head, a dwarfed, paralytic body, and a wizened, fleshless arm give her the appearance of a pretty little monster; and the picture is altogether so ridiculous

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that it hardly deserves serious criticism. The demon of exaggeration seems to have possessed the whole of this school. Because Mr. Hughes is illustrating a story of a Princess and a page he thinks it necessary to paint a couple of absurd, misshapen, attitudinizing puppets. Mr. Herbert gives his "Magdalen" the look of a woman who has not many hours to live. Mr. Holiday finds it impossible to depict the emotion of a Calais burgess taking leave of his wife when about to surrender himself to the vengeance of Edward III., without making him writhe like an eel. Mr. Windus, in his "Too Late" (900), seems to think, like Mr. Herbert, that emotion is only to be expressed by a look of ghastly illness. This is not true art. A painter who resorts to expedients such as these is like a dramatist whose only notion of tragedy is an abundant use of poison and the dagger. The taste which demands such painting is not healthy. It is akin to that vein of religious thought which prefers displays of fanaticism and melodramatic death-bed repentances to an even and honest life. Of Mr. Herbert's "Magdalen" it is, indeed, only fair to observe that it is a study of a head to be introduced into a larger composition, and the look of extreme illness and physical pain which is now so conspicuous will, perhaps, then be less prominent. Slight exaggerations are, doubtless, sometimes necessary in large works. That the expression of suffering is genuine we do not in the least dispute. The distended eyes, the white, drawn skin, the sharp, pinched features, the constrained attitude, are its too faithful witnesses. Nor can it be denied that such illness may result from profound sorrow. In spite of this, however, it seems to us that it is a mistake, from an artistic point of view, to trust so much to the signs of purely physical anguish to excite the sympathies of the spectator; and, as a matter of fact, we do not believe that such a face could be seen anywhere except upon a death-bed. Mr. Holiday's error is of a slightly different kind. The expression which he has put into the face of his burgess is not that of a man with his mind wrought up to a mission of self-sacrifice—it is the expression rather of a condemned malefactor. It is, indeed, satisfactorily indicated that his violent emotion is excited rather at the thoughts of parting with his wife than by the fear of death. This, however, is not a sufficient justification. Men who have resolved voluntarily to face death for the sake of duty have ever done so, unless history is utterly false, with serenity and self-composure. Such was the spirit in which Horace conceived the departure of Regulus:—

— Sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet. Non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos
Et populum redivus morantem,
Quàm qui clientum longa negotia,
Dijudicatâ lite, relinquere,
Tendens Venafranum in agros,
Et Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

Mr. Dyce's "Good Shepherd" (174) cannot fail to please the most fastidious critic. Such defects as it has are obvious and avowed. It is dusky in tone and rather flat in effect, so that it looks almost like a coloured engraving, and the expression of the Good Shepherd is perhaps a little austere. These are, however, simply peculiarities of style; and, regarded as an attempt to combine modern knowledge of art with the devotional sentiment of the early Italian painters, it is impossible to deny that it is a very perfect performance. The minutest inspection will hardly detect a flaw in the drawing or execution.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

THE MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.*

THIS book has a special interest as a very curious triumph of bookmaking. The idea occurred to Mrs. Ellis that it would be very interesting to show how great men had been influenced by their mothers—how much of their greatness was derived from the maternal side—and how powerfully a mother's care had contributed to form their character and develop their genius. Not only did the projected work promise to throw a valuable light on many psychological questions of the highest importance, but it might be made to embrace a very fair amount of practical exhortation, and the mothers of lesser men might be prompted to take lessons from the wise course pursued in the striking examples selected of maternal prudence and success. The idea was excellent, and Mrs. Ellis set resolutely to work it out. Unfortunately, there was a dreadful deficiency of facts. With few exceptions, it turned out either that there was nothing remarkable in the lives of the mothers of great men, or they did not influence their sons, or nothing was known about them. Mrs. Ellis complains of the sad stupidity of biographers, who have generally omitted to speak at length of the mothers of their heroes, and very generally for no better reason than that they knew nothing whatever about them. But Mrs. Ellis was not to be stopped. She had got hold of a saleable title for a book, and if there were no facts to match it, why *tant pis pour les faits*. She trusted confidently to her practised powers of book-making, and she is justified by the result. She has turned out more than four hundred pages of a handsome-looking octavo—her tone is

moral, and her style laboured. All that depended on herself she has done. If she happened unfortunately to be short of material, that was not her fault.

But she is put to some hard shifts to get through her task. She gives a minute sketch of all that was done for Alfred by the lady who superintended his early training, who formed his character, and directed the bent of his genius. Nothing is wanting, except that this lady should have been Alfred's mother, whereas she was not in any way connected with him by blood. Then comes a life of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who certainly was a remarkable woman, but to whose right to appear in this collection there is the objection which Mrs. Ellis honestly points out, that her son can scarcely be called a great man. As she goes on, however, her conscience becomes more easy on this head, and we find her including among the great men whose mothers are to be noticed Dr. Doddridge and Dr. Watts. But the main resource is to speak of the great men whose mothers exercised no influence on their characters, and then speculate how the great men would have been altered if their mothers had exercised such an influence. Cowper's mother, for instance, died when he was six. Here is a great field opened. If she had lived longer, would Cowper have been equally mad? No human being can answer the question; and it may, therefore, conveniently be asked, in every variety of shape. "Who," says Mrs. Ellis, "is capable of dealing with the strange contradictions of our nature but woman—kind, sympathizing, hoping, trusting woman?" And as, of all women, a mother is the most sympathizing, the general influence of the female sex would have been doubled by the presence of a mother to whom the poet might have repaired in his dark hours. Evidently, if we once begin to imagine what would have been the result if a woman who died when her boy was six had lived till he was forty, the book that is to contain the disquisition is in a fair way to reach the desired length. In fact, this and one other little manœuvre help Mrs. Ellis out of her difficulties. Her other great source of materials is to select an historical personage, and go off into an abridgment of the history of the times. The life of Jeanne d'Albret occupies more than a fourth of the volume. Her son was indisputably a great man, but a fifth portion of the space might have contained all the matter that had any direct bearing on the relations of the mother and the son.

The only two satisfactory instances given by Mrs. Ellis of a mother whose son was really great, and who had a direct and traceable influence on that greatness, are the instances of the mother of St. Augustine and the mother of Napoleon. Not only was St. Augustine a very remarkable man and Monica a very remarkable woman, but the son owed to the mother the direction of his thoughts, the purpose of his life, and the source of his greatest enjoyment. In those moments when St. Augustine was conscious that he reached the highest pitch of spiritual exaltation, he was also conscious that his mother soared as high as he did. It would be an abuse of language to term Monica a great woman in the same way that we term St. Augustine a great man, for he added to the piety and sublime feeling of his mother a remarkable degree of literary power and a great range of thought. We must also judge of all greatness by the test of success; and St. Augustine is principally to be called great because he, as a matter of fact, gave so much of its peculiar colour to Western Christianity. But the basis of his thoughts and feelings, his mode of viewing the relations between himself, God, and the world, had been derived from his mother. In a similar way we can trace a clear affinity between the character and mental constitution of Napoleon and those of his mother. There was the same stubbornness, the same largeness of thought, the same meanness in certain acts of common life, the same resolute determination to enforce the burden of their own personal ascendancy on all around them. There was in the mother a Corsican fineness which degenerated into the enormous lying of the son—the grandest liar, probably, that the world has ever seen. Napoleon himself attributed many of his notions of government to the family system in which he had been brought up; and the plan of helping, bullying, and snubbing his brothers, according to the fancies or the exigencies of the moment, was founded on traditions that dated from his infancy. In a minor degree, and in the case of a lesser man than either of these two, the same connexion is traceable between the character and career of John Wesley and the influence of his mother. The stern piety, the active, ardent affection, and the substantial, though limited, good sense of the mother, were reflected in the son. But there is nothing very remarkable in the relation which they occupied to each other, and there are probably many hundred English mothers who at this moment are exercising an influence of precisely the same kind.

In fact, the whole inquiry as to the influence of mothers on sons, as conducted by Mrs. Ellis, is utterly purposeless. For what is the exact question that is to be solved? That mothers exercise an influence over their sons is obvious; but there is no reason to suppose that the qualities which make a man great are more dependent on this influence than any other set of qualities. If Mrs. Ellis's book proves anything, it proves that there is no rule whatever on the subject, and no lesson whatever to be learnt from it. It does not need an octavo volume to establish that a man of extraordinary gifts is likely to render those gifts more profitable to himself and others if he has a very pious,

* *The Mothers of Great Men*. By Mrs. Ellis. London: Bentley, 1859.

wise, strict, loving, charming woman to guide him in infancy and youth. But no one can say that great men have, as a rule, had such good fortune. Greatness depends on qualities that are entirely personal to the individual, which defy analysis, and cannot be traced to any distinct source. They are affected in their development by an endless variety of circumstances, and a most important circumstance is the sort of mother who has the control of them in their earliest stage. But they are quite independent of her. Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte had the same mother as Napoleon. What made him great was that which he had besides what they had; and the ultimate result of all inquiries of this sort is to convince us that it is hopeless to ask why one individual differs from another. Physical science is utterly at a loss to account for this difference. There is no perceptible variation in the size or quality of the brain, or of the nervous system, that will in the least account for the superior activity of the mind or the greater firmness of the will. And the history of mankind shows that the most we can do in accounting for the mental constitution of individuals is to construct propositions that are confessedly empirical, and are extremely uncertain as summaries of facts. It is, for instance, a common remark that intellect descends through the mother, and evidently there is a sort of truth about this remark, for every one's experience will immediately bring to his memory several instances that corroborate it. But when we come to ask in what sense and how far it is true, we soon find the limit of our knowledge. Fathers are apt to have injustice done to them, because it is tacitly assumed that if the father's intellect is to be allowed to tell on his son's, it ought to be the equal of his son's, whereas much less is expected from the mother. Bacon's father, Fox's father, Queen Elizabeth's father, Sir Robert Peel's father, were none of them men of great intellect, but they were all of them men of sufficient intellect to have made the fortune of a mother. There are plenty of instances where remarkable women have had sons none of whom have been remarkable, and of remarkable men who have had mothers below the average in intellect and character. Lord Byron's mother, for example, was one of the most foolish women of her day; and her son, when he had outgrown the irritation inspired by her absurd treatment of him, saw in her nothing but an object of ridicule. And it is equally impossible to get any moral out of the subject as to get any definite psychological fact. There is no use in exhorting women to be good mothers because their sons may possibly be great. According to Mrs. Ellis's theory—which may be true or not—the mothers of great men are generally superior persons. Perhaps there may be in England at this moment three or four young mothers whose sons are going to be great. A larger proportion could scarcely be expected to exist. By the hypothesis, these three or four young mothers are superior women, and therefore all that Mrs. Ellis's moral comes to is to exhort these three or four superior unknown young mothers to do their duty to their children. Of the contents of her volume we cannot therefore think very highly. That she has managed to make the volume somehow is the important fact for us, and probably for her.

THORNDALE.*

THORNDALE is a very curious indication of the shape which the most important of all controversies are assuming in our days. Every few months books appear handling with more or less power the very gravest of all questions, and discussing them rather in an observant and tentative than in what would usually be described as a controversial temper. Nor can anything be more singular than the patient hearing which they generally receive, the slightness of the scandal which they produce, and the widespread popularity which they are almost sure to obtain, if, as is generally the case, they are written in a gentlemanlike spirit and with enough literary ability to make them interesting. Upon these terms, notwithstanding the apprehensions expressed in Mr. Mill's essay *On Liberty*, people are perfectly at liberty to discuss, and in fact do discuss, almost every question which human ingenuity or curiosity can devise. The existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the obligations of morality, the authority of the Christian Revelation, and all the minor questions which are included under these vast heads, are constantly discussed amongst us at the present day—generally speaking, it is fair to add, with great candour and calmness, interrupted only by a very small amount either of levity or of intolerance. Perhaps the most curious circumstance of this strange controversy is the form in which it is carried on—a form which represents its general temper with curious fidelity. Dogmatic assertions of any sort are extremely rare. Upon what may be called the orthodox side, hardly anything like a systematic statement of doctrines has been even attempted since the High Church writers of Oxford ceased to be the leaders of a numerous and enthusiastic party. The opinions of the heterodox side are equally vague. Here and there a definite creed, like that which was propounded by M. Comte, emerges from the chaos; but none has yet appeared which has commanded any general consent. Under these circumstances, controversial subjects are handled in a very curious manner. Detached criticisms of particular books or particular trans-

actions abound in periodical literature, but books on controversial subjects are almost invariably thrown into a form which is specially intended to enable the author to avoid the necessity of compromising his reputation for orthodoxy. The form is very generally that of a novel; and when the controversial matter is too considerable in quantity and too weighty in substance to be thrown into the shape of a novel proper, it is usually made up into conversations, with which a sufficient amount of story about the fortunes of the interlocutors is mixed up to give the book something of the novel character. The adaptation of this mode of writing to the vague state of mind of those who usually adopt it, is very obvious. The writer can discuss opinions without taking a side himself—at least without taking a side so decisively as to cut himself off in his own mind from the opponents of the characters who most nearly express his own views. Moreover, in discussion—especially if the discussion is to be more or less dramatic—much more express and decisive opinions may be promulgated, and they may be put in a much more peremptory form, than the author would wish to adopt if he were speaking in his own name. The enthusiast, the sceptic, and the man of business, who usually meet and converse in such works, are each in reality representatives of one phase of the mind which created them; and when a writer is virtually three or four gentlemen at once, he usually feels himself at liberty to throw the reins on the neck of each separately incorporated self in a way which he would never think of if they were all subject to the control of a single will.

Thorndale is a singularly complete illustration of the class of books which we have attempted to describe, and its great popularity is a curious proof of the truth of our assertion, that they are extremely well adapted to the current state of opinion upon the higher problems of religion and philosophy—a state of mind which tries everything, whilst it decisively adopts nothing. The story—such as it is—is told in a sentence. The editor of the book, being at Naples, wanders into a villa where an English invalid had lately died. There he finds a manuscript containing speculations, scraps of autobiography, reports of conversations, and lastly, a set treatise about the progress of the species—the whole of which, with the exception of the concluding treatise, was composed by the invalid (*Thorndale*) during his last illness, as a kind of solace. The treatise is supposed to have been written by a Utopian friend who happened to look in upon him. The autobiography amounts to very little more than that *Thorndale* fell in love with a young lady, was fond of speculation, and had many conversations, in Switzerland and elsewhere, with one Seckendorf, a sceptic content with his scepticism, and Clarence, a believer in progress and religion. The editor intimates that he does not agree with any of the characters, but only gives their opinions for what they are worth.

A man certainly does show a wonderful anxiety to touch pitch without defilement who puts himself thus at three or four removes from anything like the expression of an opinion. A fictitious editor finds the journal of a fictitious invalid which records the sentiments of three fictitious characters, and a real gentleman publishes the book as recording "the conflict of opinion." I don't say that my neighbour is a fool, but I know somebody who heard from somebody else that a third somebody had once been of that opinion; and I further aver that each of the three somebodies who act as buffers between myself and the charge of uncharitableness had certain peculiarities of temper, health, or circumstances which more or less diminished the credibility of his evidence. We have no more right to find fault with a book which avowedly represents only states of mind, because it does not contain a complete system of thought or opinion, than we have to blame Bristol diamonds for not coming from Golconda; but we have surely a right to say that the genuine article is a great deal the better of the two. We will not deny that to some minds, under some circumstances, this habit of tossing about and ventilating opinions of all kinds upon the most serious subjects—saying what is to be said on each side of momentous questions, and representing pictorially the mode in which they may be supposed to affect the minds of those who embrace them—may be beneficial, but we should think that this can rarely be the case. A far more common result must be to render the formation of stable opinions upon the great problems of life so difficult as to be all but impossible, and to dispose people to the choice of creeds on purely sentimental grounds; so that opinions are not preferred, not on account of their truth, but because they are conventionally appropriated to the particular type of character which the person making his choice may happen to prefer.

Another singular circumstance in reference to these books is that they rise to much the same sort of level of ability. The first impression which they convey is that the author is a wonderful man, and that the reader has derived from him all sorts of thoughts which he never had before. After a time, however, this feeling is superseded by the conviction that what we have seen is no more than a new deal of the old pack, and that the old familiar game is going on with the old familiar rules. It is impossible in reading *Thorndale* to doubt that the author is a man of very considerable ability, but it is not the work of a master. After reading it we feel, to use an expressive Americanism, better "posted up" in some of the modern twists and turns of never-ending controversies than we did before, and that is all.

The greater part of the discussions contained in *Thorndale* refer to the subject of what is so much talked of in the present

* *Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions.* By William Smith. Second Edition. Blackwood. 1859.

day under the names of "progress" and "civilization." The sympathies of the author obviously go not with the sceptical philosopher (though he appears to us to get the best of the argument in the conversations which are reported), but with Clarence, the believer in the progressive improvement of mankind, who, after being considerably worried and confuted by the sceptic Seckendorf, is at last allowed, under cover of the device which we have already described, to say his say in peace. The substance of his creed is, that men in every age will take their own view of the destinies of mankind; and that to him, an Englishman in the middle of the nineteenth century, human history presents itself as a vast progress in which every age has advanced upon its predecessor, not by violent jerks and changes undertaken with the express purpose of improving society, but by the general efforts of all classes to improve their condition and to make that state of things in which they happened to live as commodious and prosperous as possible. In the course of this progress every considerable institution has had its share, and all, in process of time, will share still more largely. Ultimately we may look forward to a much greater prosperity than we see around us at present. In fact, all society is but the development of the Divine Idea of human existence, and as such it is a sacred thing, to be viewed with all manner of optimistic feelings.

This is the principal text of Clarence's sermon. It is worked out with great ingenuity, and in a reasonable and cautious manner, which optimists have of late learnt pretty generally to adopt. Some of the suggestions which are made in connexion with the leading topic appear to us very important; and we may particularly refer to some striking remarks on the necessity of combining historical considerations with all theories of morality, instead of basing them upon definitions which are only true under particular circumstances. In common with the discussions which occupy the earlier part of the book, it contains a good deal of matter which a few years ago would probably have given occasion to aspersions upon the author's orthodoxy; but whether it is that people are really becoming more tolerant than they were, or whether the public will allow things to be said in the form of conversations intended to display the peculiarities of fictitious characters which they would not allow to be stated independently, Mr. Smith has certainly succeeded in mooted very fundamental questions indeed, not only without reproach, but with pretty general applause.

Upon the controversies which the book contains we have little to say. We will confine ourselves to a single point. Clarence, the optimist, is an intense believer in progress and civilization. These two words are a kind of law and prophets to him, and he regards them with a religious enthusiasm, as the development of the "Divine Idea." It is perhaps impossible that men should ever use abstract terms with any great precision, and it is hardly fair to expect them to do so; but the two words which we have used are, to us at least, singularly irritating and unreasonably vague. "Progress," if it means anything, must imply a *terminus a quo* and a *terminus ad quem*. As the one is past and gone, and the other utterly unknown, it does seem a very wonderful thing that people should be enthusiastic about the road which leads from the one to the other. Civilization is a term even vaguer, if possible, than progress; but whatever process it may represent, it is certainly one which is independent of the will of any particular person; and as we must undergo it whether we like it or not, it seems superfluous to trouble ourselves about it, and we cannot repress a feeling of something like resentment against a man who gets sentimental over it. Railroads, electric telegraphs, ragged schools, and meetings of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science are all very well; and if anybody denied their advantages it might be necessary to prove them; but that people should feel their hearts soften and their eyes glisten when they hear of them, is very curious. When Jeshurun waxed fat in former times, he kicked. At present he sits in a corner, and says "What a good boy am I!" Nay, he takes up a line of piety which, in its unconsciousness, is past all praise—he looks upon his Christmas pie and its plums as the development of the Divine Idea; and as his mind expands under the genial influence of prosperity, he swells into a sort of prophet, and dies happy in the unswerving belief that future generations will have larger pies and more of them, with even richer mincemeat and a better proportion of spice.

When a specific scheme enabling us to obtain specific advantages is proposed, no sensible man hesitates to accept, and as opportunity offers, to promote it; but when we are called upon to be sentimental and poetical about it—to view the aggregate of such schemes in a rose-coloured light, and to consider it a religious duty to announce as a new gospel the precept of loving the world, and the things that are in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—old associations, to say the least, are apt to restrain us. The world, to say nothing of the devil, may be highly amiable and much beloved—they may belong to the mysterious race of the uncomprehended—but there are prejudices which it is hard to overcome, and if we are to be closely allied with them, we do not see the use of bragging of our connexions.

We feel absolutely no confidence whatever in the discernment of the apostles of civilization. We do not think that they understand human nature and its real wants. We utterly disbelieve that they have any kind of right to point out any particular course of events as the development of the "Divine Idea." We

have not the remotest doubt that there are more things in Heaven than are dreamt of in their philosophy. It would perhaps be harsh to say that "civilization" means very little more than getting rich; but it is very hard to say what it does include beyond the increase of material appliances, a certain softening of manners, and the intellectual alterations which these things imply. They are good, no doubt, as far as they go, but they do not seem to us to imply any change in the destiny or condition of man here or hereafter. Suppose that in some future period day-labourers should be very much what farmers and shopkeepers are now, whilst farmers and shopkeepers advanced to a level with the educated gentry of the present day, would the change be of that radical and vital nature which would justify the Simeon who might live to see it in singing his *Nunc dimittis*? It is impossible not to remember that the events which first called forth that sentiment were very remotely connected with anything which could be described as civilization, and were absolutely hostile to a very advanced and complicated form of it. The habits of mind which sum up under one general name steam and electricity, the improvement of manners and the increase of knowledge, and worship them under the name of civilization, would, beyond all question, have led those who indulge in them to prefer the great Roman Empire—with its "pax Romana," its vast roads from York to Constantinople, its palaces, theatres, and aqueducts, its literature and its magnificence—to the obscure sect of Jewish ascetics who were the enemies of the human race, and who could see nothing in its greatness and glory except a whole world lying in wickedness. Indeed, M. Comte and his disciple, Mr. Congreve, actually accepted this consequence; they admitted that the Emperors were right and the Christians wrong; and they cherished the expectation that, having outlived the Christian delusion, we might hope, if we were sufficiently obedient to French supremacy, to reconstitute the Roman Empire in all its glory.

We could not hope, in any reasonable space, even to indicate the road by which a solution of the questions which we have alluded to might be reached; but it is something to express a conviction that the solution is not yet found. We may see and feel the advantages which arise from the accumulation of knowledge and of wealth, and may acknowledge the improvements which have taken place in manners. But when these things are personified, as it were, and worshipped under the names of civilization and progress, as if they were our be-all and end-all, we feel that, unless we point out the other side of the subject, we are in danger of allowing a golden image to be set up for the worship of mankind which entirely ignores the most essential elements of human greatness and happiness, and represents nothing which has any tendency to heal the deepest wounds under which mankind have groaned for six thousand years.

A TOUR IN DALMATIA, ALBANIA, AND MONTENEGRO.*

THOSE who have perused, however cursorily, Sir Gardner Wilkinson's two portly octavos on Dalmatia and Montenegro, will be puzzled to conjecture what new light can have been thrown on the localities of ancient Illyricum since the publication of that admirable and exhaustive work. We fear that the little volume before us will disappoint the most moderate expectations of every class of readers. Dalmatia, to which the author has devoted much the largest number of pages, is represented by those coast towns at which the Austrian Lloyd's steamer happens to touch; and the description even of these rests on a hurried inspection during the occasional stoppages of the boat. It is true that the author dwells in one passage on the convenience of this method of travelling, inasmuch as the return voyage affords an opportunity of repairing the omissions of a first visit. But when his face is once turned homeward, instead of redeeming his pledges, he speaks only of "hastening to get back over a line of country already seen," and congratulates himself on the small number of places which the course of the Corfu packet compelled him to see over again. As to Albania, Mr. Wingfield does not appear to have penetrated further into it than the town of Scutari; and to this he was attracted less by the love of adventure or sight seeing than by the wish to find an easier route, "instead of attempting the dizzy zig-zag up to Cetinja"—the "Tzetinie" of Sir G. Wilkinson and others, and but six hours' ride from Cattaro. In other words, Mr. Wingfield saw no more of Albania than the Englishman who takes the Calais route to the Rhine sees of France; and the chapter and a half devoted to this corner contains less information respecting the country and people than a single note to the second canto of *Childe Harold*. Perhaps he unconsciously adopted Gibbon's opinion, that "the Albanians are too well known to require any description," but then he should have been careful not to parade their name on his title-page. Even in Montenegro, for the purpose of investigating which he had made a circuitous and fatiguing *détour*, we cannot discover that he spent more than two nights, the one at Ariceca (more correctly, we believe, spelt Rieka), the other at the capital, Tzetinie. It is encouraging to find that "the afternoon was spent in walking about to survey the place," but it is quickly followed by the announcement, "early the next day I mounted, and set out on my return to Cattaro."

* *A Tour in Dalmatia, Albania, and Montenegro; with an Historical Sketch of the Republic of Ragusa.* By W. F. Wingfield, M.A. Oxon; M.D. Pisan. London: Bentley. 1859.

It is not our intention to disparage indiscriminately such cursory sketches of scenery and manners as Mr. Wingfield has here given us. A lively and spirited series of letters, such as those of Lord Dufferin from *High Latitudes*, possesses an interest altogether independent of its contributions to history, geography, or antiquarianism. But where the graces of style are wanting, and the critic must restrict himself to the modest praise bestowed by his author on the diction of the greatest Ragusan poet, that "the language, with some few grammatical drawbacks, is correct," it is fair to look for some of the results of original research. It is precisely this which the book lacks, and it is not too much to say that there is scarcely a fact, not to add a story or allusion, to be found in it which has not already appeared in the pages of Sir Gardner Wilkinson. It is but just to give Mr. Wingfield's own apology for the incompleteness of his task. "The following letters were written abroad, in the seclusion of a retired though archiepiscopal town in Southern Austria, where the author had been several years resident, without access to English authors, except some very few volumes, which he happened to have brought with him." We admit this as a valid excuse for a want of book-learning—which, however, is the last thing of which we should have complained. But it does not justify a perfunctory and second-hand treatment of complicated and difficult questions, or that slightness of execution which leads us to wonder why a book should have been published at all. We do not, indeed, insist upon that deep sense of responsibility under which travellers of the olden time were wont to undertake their expeditions, consecrating themselves, as it were, to the revelation of new marvels, and devoutly thanking God on their return. But we think that each new literary production offered to the public should make good, in some way, its claim to rise out of the homely circle of letters and private journals. This is the gravamen of our present censure; and having said so much, we shall proceed to touch on the chief points in Mr. Wingfield's travels.

Between Istria and the modern Dalmatia intervenes a district, anciently called Liburnia, but now forming a part of Croatia, and marked on Arrowsmith's map with the distinctive name of Morlachia. Its two principal towns are Fiume, on the Gulf of Quarnero, and Segna—the former destitute of historical interest, except as the first resting-place of the sacred house of Loretto, the latter remarkable as the temporary asylum of the Uscoos, after their expulsion from Clissa, and before their final settlement in Croatia. Of the two considerable islands which shelter this coast, Mr. Wingfield leaves the larger, Veglia, to Sir G. Wilkinson, and selects Arbe for the theme of a brief disquisition on the language of Dalmatia, and a biography (already anticipated by his predecessor) of De Dominis. Perhaps when he tells us that the language of Arbe, as of the rest of Dalmatia, "is Slave, or more precisely that dialect which is known as *Illyrian*," he is scarcely aware of the formidable philological pitfalls among which he is treading, of the ambitious claims of the "Great-Illyrian nationality" to embrace all the southern Slavonic provinces, of the more modest theory which makes "*Illyrian*" the generic name for the Servian, Croatian, and Slovenian dialects, or of that more exact classification, founded on differences of alphabet and religion, which distinguishes "*Illyrian*" from "*Servian*," and assigns Dalmatia to the latter category. Yet none of these languages, according to the best authorities, have any connexion with that of the ancient Illyrians, a people still shrouded in that precise degree of obscurity which stimulates ethnological conjecture to its highest point. Upon these subjects our author hazards no suggestions of his own; but his remark on the prevalence of "the Italian language and ethos" in the inland as well as the maritime towns of Dalmatia—the country districts being entirely Slavonic—is of some value. It is one among many illustrations of the position occupied from time immemorial by this strip of coast, as the border-land between the wandering tribes of Thrace or Turkey and Western civilization.

It would be difficult to extract anything worthy of quotation from the account of Zara, Spalato, Ragusa, and Cattaro, the respective capitals of the four Austrian "*Circoli*" of Dalmatia, which engrosses the chief space in this volume. It is curious that in an historical sketch of the first-named town no mention should be made of its capture by the Venetians and Latins in the Fourth Crusade—the only event in its annals, we suspect, to which the majority of readers attach any distinct associations. Yet its similarity to modern Venice is, according to Mr. Wingfield, its most striking characteristic.

The same courts, with wells for rain-water in the centre; the same comparatively lofty houses, and narrow streets for foot passengers only; the same piazzas, on a reduced scale, with its hall of justice, its church, even its *cafés*; the same Oriental marble columns scattered about; the bell-towers; the Byzantine churches, dedicated to saints not only of the New, but also of the Old Testament; and the same favourite French improvement of modern days—"public gardens," in front of which are some excellent and very handsome wells of spring-water, the greatest boon, probably, bestowed by the nineteenth century on ancient "*Jadera*."

The excursion from Sebenico (between Zara and Spalato) by Scardona to the Falls of the Kerka, supplies one of the pleasantest bits of description in the whole tour, the more refreshing because not already ransacked by Sir Gardner Wilkinson. Considering the short distance from Mount Dinara, in which this stream takes its rise, to Sebenico, where it flows into the sea, the volume of water in the falls is a little startling. "Reckoning in the

whole of its subdivisions, it must be considerably wider than the Rhine at Schaffhausen, unless, indeed, I were deceived by the moon's poetic rays." It is no disparagement to any traveller to say that he has contributed nothing in a single day's ramble to the antiquities of Salone and Diocletian's palace at Spalato. We pass on, therefore, to Ragusa, on which Mr. Wingfield has bestowed a separate treatise in the nature of an appendix, or rather like a *pièce de résistance*, at the end of a somewhat meagre banquet, the "*gigot*" of a French table d'hôte. The following paragraph (pp. 95-6) contains a rhapsodical summary of Ragusan history; further information will be found in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's digression on the same subject, from which we can hardly acquit our author of having borrowed most of the materials for his historical essay:—

As soon as ever it was light I was on deck, impatient to get ashore and contemplate the scene of the last of the Middle-Age Republics; the little free State, which boasted Cadmus and Hermione as its progenitors, the Lacedæmonians as its founders, the Romans as its colonists; which counted Greek emperors, Slave bans, Norman dukes, Hungarian kings, Spanish potentates, Turkish sultans at different epochs, the popes always as its protectors; the parent of Gondola, Palmotta, and Giorgi; the fosterer of a school of Latin, Italian, and Slave writers which flourished through four or five centuries; the scene of the fatal earthquake in the seventeenth century; the oligarchical Republic, whose protracted history is epitomized in its four names—Epidaurus of the Greeks and Romans, Rausium of the Byzantines, Dubrownik of the Slaves, and Ragusa of all the rest in more modern times; which retained its own form of government from its earliest days quite into the nineteenth century, and some years beyond the term allotted to its powerful Venetian rival, surrendering at last to the gigantic power of Napoleon I., after so many centuries of independence.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that so enthusiastic a chronicler of Ragusan greatness should attribute to its writers an importance altogether new. We speak in profound ignorance of the poem called the *Osmanid*, the masterpiece of Ragusan literature, and can only commend Mr. Wingfield's critique to the attention of Slavonic scholars:—"But above all, there is a brilliancy in the imagery, a warmth and pathos in the passions, an elevation of sentiment, and an originality of ideas, which stamp it as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and give Gondola a claim to be classed with, nay, even before Torquato Tasso." After all, however, the civilization and enlightenment of Ragusa is an extraordinary phenomenon, when we consider not only her perilous situation as an outpost of Christendom, but the shifting character of her population, continually reinforced by refugees and malcontents from the troubled districts around. It was no slight proof of political wisdom in the days when Ragusa flourished, to keep on good terms with the Pope and Sultan at once, to cultivate friendship and commercial relations with every Power that would accept them, yet to resist successfully the assaults which the Venetians and other neighbours, in jealousy or mere wantonness, were constantly plotting. But we must protest, by the way, against investing Ragusa with the interest of the classical Epidaurus, which Mr. Wingfield himself (in common with most authors) elsewhere places at Ragusa Vecchia, and which Arrowsmith identifies with Budua.

The position of Cattaro, overshadowed by the Montenegrine heights, and thronged by a motley multitude of mountaineers and townspeople, has been a favourite subject of description. It is impossible not to wish that this port, so completely commanded by the territory of the Montenegrins, to which it almost seems the natural complement, should at length be ceded to them. Recent good offices have indeed done much to promote confidence between Austria and that indomitable little State which it is her interest to support on the Turkish frontier. But the friendship of those who have little to lose is precarious, and perhaps it might be good policy on the part of the Western Powers to encourage the development of this Slavonic colony, which has hitherto been attached to Russia less by ties of kin or religion than by a wise recognition of its independence.

We shall not follow the route of our author by Antivari and Scutari to Tzétinie. If the latter place be our destination, it is satisfactorily shown, in an interesting article in the April number of the *Edinburgh Review*, that it may be reached from London in a week, and most Englishmen would make straight for their point, reserving the lake of Scutari, if need be, for their return. In the same article will be found a very readable account of Montenegro, as it now is—evidently the result of personal observation. Whether it was that Mr. Wingfield was fearful of acquiescing too blindly in the conclusions of former travellers, or that he saw the country in a jaundiced mood, certain it is that he does it but scanty justice. While he speaks of "the degradation of the people in the religious and social scale," dwells on the dreariness of the landscapes, casts imputations on the courage of the warriors, and ungraciously admits that "they merit attention, if it were only for the parallel which they afford with the Uskoks of the sixteenth century," he pays no homage to virtues which have been the admiration of all who have ever visited them. He allows them, indeed, the credit of hospitality, though he advises "travellers for amusement only" not to visit them, and sums up his estimate in a strain which will strike harshly on the ears of Montenegrin patriots. "There seems to be no reason whatsoever why, if properly managed, they should not turn out just as well as the Uskoks, who were, at least, quite as *mauvais sujets* for their time of day." We must really leave those who, like Sir G. Wilkinson, have written of Montenegro in a more genial spirit, to settle the other items of this account with Mr. Wingfield. For ourselves, we shall persist in believing that a race which has defied the Turkish

power for centuries, and resembles the Scotch Highlanders in so many of its features, must possess qualities which an after-noon's acquaintance failed to detect.

On the whole, we desire to part with Mr. Wingfield on good terms. His book, though marred by considerable defects of literary skill, and by the want of a map, shows a fair amount of observation and historical knowledge. It is not one of the most insipid morsels that feed the indiscriminate voracity of the circulating library. Its fault is a very old one—"the giving too little and asking too much." Its misfortune is that this fault is rendered conspicuous by the existence of a very satisfactory and elaborate work on the same subject.

FALSE AND TRUE.*

IF Homer were alive to superintend a new and complete edition of his collected works, he would probably find it worth his while to reconsider that passage in which he compares men to leaves. Any lending-library catalogue would furnish him with a much more perfect simile. As is the generation of novels, so is the generation of men. Novels, indeed, the breath of popular favour lets drop after a while into the list of surplus copies, when they are offered for sale at exceedingly reduced prices; but the prolific brains of authors produce others which come forth in their season. So of the generations of men. One waxes—another wanes. So far, for all poetical purposes, novels are just as good as leaves; but they offer the additional advantage of typifying other attributes of man besides his mortality. They are of like affections and passions with ourselves. They are of every variety of character and every shade of opinion. They are weak-minded, strong-minded, moral, immoral, grave, gay, Tory, Radical, High-Church, Low-Church, or No-Church, just as man is. Some there are that start in life with a purpose before them, the importance of which, in season and out of season, they impress upon the reader's mind. These, like their congeners in the human family, are in general rather avoided, but at the same time, thought very highly of. Then there are others whose only mission seems to be to conform decently to the usages of society, and to depart in peace at the end of the third volume, without having sinned against any of its conventionalities, regretted by a small but select circle of admirers, and leaving no perceptible gap to be filled up. They are like the great bulk of mankind, neither good nor bad—or rather, to take the sunny side of things, let us say, like the bulk of mankind, negatively good; for this journal, in spite of the opinion of Lord Derby and other competent judges, is not upon the whole averse to the human species.

Of course we must be understood not to use the word "novel" in its widest sense. If the English language happens to have only one word for two distinct things, it is not our fault. There are novels and novels, and what we mean in the present instance is that literary production in the department of prose fiction which owes its being altogether to the popularity of the circulating library system—which never reaches or even dreams of aspiring to a second edition, but is confessedly as ephemeral in character as a new fashion or a Christmas piece—about which the daily and provincial papers are always going into raptures, according to the publisher's advertisements, and of the merits of which other journals seem in general to be shamefully ignorant. In short, we mean that article in literature to which the title "novel" is applied in contradistinction to "work" or "book," and the habitual perusal of which constitutes what is commonly called a novel-reader.

When we consider the vast number of novels which each year puts forth, and the fact that no two of that number can be precisely alike, any more than two individuals of our own species, it seems at first sight hopeless to make any attempt at generalization, or to search for regularity of action in such a quarter. But in this very variety of feature—this apparently confused mass of conflicting phenomena—from which the purely deductive mind turns in despair, the inductive philosopher finds a sure basis for his operations. As statisticians tell us, the murders and suicides of a small community, considered for a limited space of time, may be subject to great fluctuations; but if we group together several communities, and extend our observations over a greater period, we find these crimes recurring with a beautiful uniformity. So with novels. In any given two or three, there will be perhaps a diversity of incident, character, and sentiment; but if we examine novels, not individually or in groups, but in masses, we observe a remarkable regularity of feature and a constant recurrence of the same phenomena, clearly pointing to the existence of controlling laws in obedience to which certain things must take place under certain circumstances. Thus the course of true love, which, according to the dogma of predestined events, never did run smooth, and, according to the dogma of free-will, is supposed to depend solely on the caprice of the novelist, we find to be, on the whole, wonderfully systematic in its unevenness—so much so, that we can calculate pretty exactly the amount of disturbance any particular obstruction will cause, or, given the disturbance, can tell what the obstruction was. In like manner, the unmethodical thinker may fancy the writer has an absolute power over the destinies of the interesting character with the mystery, or of the doubtful character

with the secret or document. But facts and experience tend the opposite way, and show that these are not arbitrary matters, and that the former must turn out to be heir to somebody or something, while the latter must be circumvented, his secret neutralized, or his document destroyed. We do not mean to say that there are not problems which no study, however deep, no experience, however wide, can solve. For instance, we cannot tell why people write novels. Clearly it is not for fame, and it can scarcely be for profit. Then there is the puzzling question, what becomes of all the old novels; and on this head we are as much in the dark as we are with respect to the fate of all the pins that have been lost since the pin manufacture was first started. We may, indeed, offer a theory founded on analogy. For a long time the world knew not what became of its old clothes. It was possible to trace them as far as the scare-crow, through all the intermediate stages of valet, Jew, slop-seller, and gentleman in difficulties; but here they disappeared from public ken. Some of the scientific minds of our century, however, feeling that this uncertainty was likely to throw a doubt upon that important principle, the indestructibility of matter, set themselves to grapple with the difficulty, and in time discovered that somewhere in the midland counties there was an occult engine which blended, teased, and otherwise worked up the discarded rags of the scare-crow, and sent them forth as shoddy, once more to clothe humanity. Thus while the demure Oxford mixture may have begun life as a rough-and-ready pilot cloth, the sober shepherd's plaid may yet be flaunting it as a many-coloured tartan. For aught we know, there may be some such machine in the neighbourhood of Paternoster-row—an artful assemblage of cogs, and cylinders, and teeth, for tearing into pieces, mixing, and reducing to a homogeneous mass the used-up novels of the season, and weaving therefrom the web out of which their successors are to be made—transforming that which has done duty as an impassioned soliloquy into a sparkling dialogue, and unravelling an acute political discussion to construct out of its fibres a tender love scene. We do not by any means dogmatically insist upon this theory, but we claim for it the merit of at least explaining what must have struck every novel-reader as curious—viz., that so many turns of expression, sentiments, and illustrations should produce in his mind the vague impression that he has met with them before.

A very pretty game may be played by a number of young persons moderately acquainted with the principles of novelology. Take any ordinary three-volume novel—a "one volume" will do as well—and read it backwards, pausing at intervals to work out the thread of the story inductively. Or, another way—cut the book somewhere near the middle, and treat as before. Then, profiting by the information you have gained, construct the remainder of the tale, and finally compare your result with the novelist's conclusion. You can afterwards, of course, read the whole in the regular way, and you will be surprised to find how little the interest is diminished. The beginner could not have a better book to practise upon than *False and True*; and since antithetical titles are now much worn, as the *Ladies' Newspaper* would say, it will be a useful precedent if we examine it according to the above method. On turning over the leaves, we observe near the beginning a chapter headed "False," and near the end another headed "True." Let us commence with the latter; and if we succeed in ascertaining what is true, we shall have no more difficulty in discovering the false than a mathematician in finding the complement of a given angle. The scene is a snug little drawing-room in a vicarage—time, evening. The tea-things are on the table. A lady called Pam—in full, Pamela, as we afterwards learn—is rocking a cradle and knitting a baby's sock. Enter, Vere, the husband, with a young person, Alba, whom he has just fetched from the railway station. Embraces. Baby shown. So far this much at least is established—that there was a strong young-lady's friendship between Pam and Alba, that they have been for some time separated, and that in the meantime the former has been married. It is not unlikely that this marriage may be a part of the True, in which case, as far as Pam is concerned, False must be represented by great wealth and splendour, and an intended union with some one, the very reverse of a homely vicar. This is as yet merely a conjecture, but we should do well to bear it in mind as we proceed. To them one Sir Louis Dinely, proprietor of "the Hall." A conversation ensues, from which we gather that Alba once had a notable voice, from some cause or other lost it, and has now nearly regained it—further, that Sir Louis is musical, and plays the piano, and that Pam does not. We also perceive that Sir Louis is attached to Alba, and that Alba is not particularly attached to Sir Louis; and further, that some sort of relationship formerly existed between them under circumstances the reverse of flourishing. From this it is clear that Sir Louis was not the original possessor of the Hall. Early difficulties, a taste for music and other indications of genius, point to him as the interesting mystery of the book; and if we revert to our surmise respecting Pam, we find it fits in with this view as naturally as if they were both parts of a Chinese puzzle. Pam is brusque, natural even to affectation, very sensible, and does not indulge in playing the piano or any other young-ladyism. All this proves she must have been an heiress. Heiresses are always of this kind of character—it is a rule, just as on the stage it is a rule that insanity and white satin go together. It would be childish, therefore, to hesitate where the evidence is so strong, and we may safely look upon Sir Louis as promoted, vice Pam retired to a vicarage. So much of the plot made out, of course our task is

* *False and True*. By the Hon. Lena Eden. London: Booth. 1859.

greatly simplified, just as in arranging a skeleton the difficulty diminishes rapidly as each bone is fixed in its proper place. It now remains to adjust Alba relatively to Pam. As that young lady was not in love with Sir Louis, she must have been in love with somebody else. Now experience shows that when two young women in a novel swear an eternal friendship, they fall in love, or at least become involved, with the same man. A friendship is not fit to last up to the end of a book unless it stands some test of this sort. Therefore, when we find Alba accepting Sir Louis with the statement that he is "worth a hundred such men as Dudley Harcourt" (a most suggestive name), and alluding to some "other old story," and to a certain "terrible feverish dream," we feel quite sure of our man. Accordingly, knowing what game is on foot, we make the proper cast, to use sporting language; and a few pages ahead we come upon the name of Dudley Harcourt again. The facts we learn respecting this person are that he married, first, a wife who scolded and quarrelled, and died, leaving him a very moderate income; and, secondly, a wife who reminded him a little of Alba. All this shows him to have been the objectionable character of the book—not an absolute villain, requiring the stern justice of a duel or a suicide, or a squalid death-bed, but simply a gay deceiver, who is sufficiently punished by being dismissed with a contemptuous competence. As he evidently married in the first instance for money, his rôle must have been that of lover to the heiress, in which capacity he was compelled, by the laws that regulate such matters, to make love to her friend. Thus we obtain the desired difficulty, and the materials out of which the "False" is constructed.

Here, then, by the aid of a few simple rules, drawn from experience, we have got the whole plot of this interesting little novel out of its penultimate chapter. This is about as much as we can expect the tyro to do at first. As he improves, he will be able to fill in the outline with equal facility. For example, he will see to what purpose Alba's voice and Louis's knowledge of music should be turned in accounting for their past life. He will make out a probable mystery to throw around that gentleman's origin, weighing carefully the evidence for and against its being a case of supposititious child, or the fine old contrivance of a foundling. He will settle whether the Rev. Vere plays any and what part in the story, and several other points which need not be enumerated. His chief reliance should be upon experience and the unswerving laws of novelology, though at the same time it will materially assist him if he knows whether the author is a man or a woman. This can generally be ascertained without much difficulty. For example, opening the book before us at random, we find that, to give an idea of an unexceptionable turn-out, a dandy is put upon a *white* horse, which is always a lady's beau-ideal of the correct thing in horseflesh; and three lines further on we have an imbecile old gentleman drinking ginger-wine and believing it to be Madeira. This, we venture to say, is a conception which settles the question. A man, if he wished to depict absolute insanity, might perhaps have employed South African sherry, but that any aberration of intellect could make ginger-wine pass for Madeira, is clearly a woman's notion, and a woman's notion alone. The amount of labour saved by following this system will be at first perhaps inconsiderable, but steady practice and attention to first principles will in time enable the student to master the details of any ordinary novel in a wonderfully short space of time, and with wonderfully little reading. How great a boon to society this will be we need scarcely point out. Day by day the resistless tide of novel literature bears down upon us with an ever-increasing volume. Day by day the necessity for physical exertion yields to the all-conquering arm of science. Are novel-readers alone to remain unaided and uncheered by her benign influence? But science has a still grander aim—to ennoble labour by making it less mechanical and more intellectual; and we offer the above hints as humble, but we trust not contemptible contributions to that end.

CIVILIZED AMERICA.*

HER Majesty's late Consul for the State of Massachusetts has produced, in two volumes, a very pleasant, lively, gossiping, and not unuseful result of his seven years' experience of life in the United States. A good deal of observation, a good deal of information, an average power of drawing appropriate and not very recondite conclusions, and a considerable degree of freedom from official reticence, combine to make out of the consular recollections an important-looking whole, which the curiosity of English readers will attack readily, and digest freely. It may be doubted whether a Transatlantic public will appreciate its merits as heartily, or forget them as easily. The malignity of ordinary British tourists in aspersing the social institutions and manners of free America may perhaps be forgiven in consideration of their necessarily superficial acquaintance with the topics they handle. But when a resident of seven years' standing, after meditating in silence for ten years more on his notes and his unnoted memories, publishes a national portrait, of which the lineaments are substantially the same with those caught by the pencil of the mere passing traveller, it is difficult to imagine that the offence can be held pardonable by a jury of the American people. The very title of Mr. Grattan's

work may well be considered as a studied piece of irony, when looked at by the light of the several chapters, of which the gist is to show how thin the varnish of American civilization is in reality. The invincible ignorance which prevented Mr. Grattan from seeing how eternally old Europe is chewed up in all lines of progress by the great Republic of the West, can be no excuse for the wilful malice of publishing his purblind impressions of Columbian character. With the zeal of an Irishman to assert an inconvenient principle, he states that no private considerations shall be allowed to weigh against the duty of enunciating his public judgment. Come what come may, he will not spare a city for the sake of five righteous men. Personal hospitalities, peculiar intimacies, appreciation of the transcendent virtues and graces of individuals, shall not tempt the consular censor of morals out of proving that these are but exceptions to the general rules of variation from the conditions of European perfectibility. He who paints a whole people, says Mr. Grattan, from his attachment to a few individuals, does great injustice to those for whom he writes. *Amicus Plato*—Uncle Sam is Mr. Grattan's respected relative; but truth—*magis amica*—is Mr. Grattan's revered sister. Mr. Grattan's uncompromising virtue in telling all the tales needed to satisfy the requirements of the latter must be its own reward in steeling him against the recalcitrant indignation of the former.

It is undeniably disappointing to find that little or nothing more is to be said in favour of American character, and little or nothing less in dispraise of it, by a resident whose opportunities of observation must have been great, than has been said by casual travellers in general. Such an accumulation of testimony was in no way needed to prove the existence of those patent faults which have been pilloried for European criticism so many times; but its reiteration from such a quarter provokes almost irresistibly the inference that the faults on the surface go to the bottom also. A sensible and intelligent foreigner, thrown by the duties of his official position into daily relations of contact with numerous individuals as well as with masses of the nation in whose territory he is domiciled, has little temptation to brood year after year upon the purely superficial eccentricities or mannerisms which may have struck him painfully upon first acquaintance. The most commonplace wisdom of adaptability teaches a toleration which ignores as much as may be the outward visible evil, in the hope of discovering a compensating inward grace by deeper scrutiny. The judicious stranger under such circumstances swallows his own sensitiveness to trifling symptoms, and waits in faith for the unfolding of wider and more sterling manifestations of the national character. Such a temper is the only preservative against a morbidly hypercritical and uncomfortable concentration upon defects which may be merely external. But where, after sounding with patience and without prejudice, the scientific surveyor is compelled to fall back upon the very results which he jotted down as crude speculations after the guesswork of a few weeks' experience, it must be inferred that the inner depths are either unfathomable or partake of the same quality of mud as that which floats in the upper currents. It may be asked, in Mr. Grattan's as in every other case, how far the mind of the particular inquirer is one capable of exhaustive inquiry. His criticisms are at least marked with no prominent display of any bias or tendency which should exclude the habit of impartial and dispassionate appreciation. In this and in many other respects they stand in very advantageous contrast to Emerson's shallow and distorted generalizations of English character.

Mr. Grattan is not the first person to remark (and probably is far from the last who will have to make the same observation), how peculiarly different Americans are when taken *en masse* from the same individuals viewed singly. The calculating caution, absence of enthusiasm, and undemonstrative demeanour which mark the solitary specimen, disappear under the pressure of numbers. Either from his natural or his habitual disregard of privacy, the instinct of gregariousness appears to be the only one which affords a sufficiently pleasurable warmth of excitement to thaw the Yankee into impulsiveness. Under the stimulant of a caucus or a public meeting, hesitation and timidity of manners and character alike give place to excessive boldness. The rule holds good equally with regard to the carrying on of social conversation, and the undertaking of a commercial enterprise. Each is anxious to outbid his neighbour. Their most genuine happiness appears to consist, and their firmest security to be felt, in floating along with the stream, a little ahead of everybody else. But when (says Mr. Grattan) difficulties or doubts once arise, the individual distrust reappears as prominently, and works as powerfully as ever. The excitement of a unanimous belief in going ahead once over, nobody feels any more confidence in the judgment or stability of others than in his own. It is perhaps a Nemesis on the overstrained tyranny of public opinion, which annihilates all self-reliance and deadens all generous impulses in the units of a democracy. Where the divine voice of popular sentiment is not only all-powerful when uplifted, but swifter to uplift itself than any cry of individual thought, it is almost inevitable that all separate personal energy in thinking or feeling should fall altogether.

Mr. Grattan's sketches of the public men of America who flourished during his Consulship are so many detailed instances which forcibly illustrate and corroborate his general impression. There is a kind of family resemblance about most of them, which it is difficult entirely to explain away on the hypothesis of his having viewed them all with a jaundiced eye. Varieties of intellect,

* *Civilized America*. By Thomas Colley Grattan.

temperament, and physical character are portrayed by him in clear and sharp touches, which show at once quickness of observation and power of drawing. The same moral timidity and want of earnestness appear to underlie and leaven the principles of nearly all alike. It is not to be denied that a somewhat similar reproach might justly be affixed to the portraits of many among our own leading politicians. But, even if the fault were as deep or as universal in English statesmen, it would not (as yet) involve a similar danger, or argue a similar national habit of abnegating individual responsibility. When once all the leaders of political parties in England owe their occupancy of that position simply to their success as men of the people, irrespectively of social standing, influence, or connexions, and such underrated guarantees for personal stability, it is possible that moral cowardice, now too frequent an accident, may become a necessary and typical ingredient in the composition of a first-rate English politician.

Here is Mr. Grattan's picture of a class under the name of an individual who "has gracefully filled several situations, was a respectable member of the national Legislature, a decorous governor of his native State, and a conciliatory Minister to the Court of St. James's"—Edward Everett:—

He was a fine preacher, a graceful lecturer, a seductive orator on occasions where his audience felt with him. He was well adapted for floating on the tide of public sympathy, and going with the stream. But to breast a torrent, to frown at a storm, to check a mutiny, or by calm audacity to neutralize a foe, were acts beyond his conception and his power. He was consequently a man unfitted for public life, particularly in America; and had there been any chance of eminence for a mere scholar following the pursuit of letters, I am satisfied that Everett's ambition would never have led him into politics. But he is only another instance of that subservience to party which is the general disgrace of American statesmen, scarcely one of whom takes up for conscience' sake a position opposed to the faction to which he has pledged himself; and to the absence of this courage in individuals is owing many of the evils that are charged upon the people, or the system that regulates their conduct. The American people are in my opinion pre-eminently alive to the influence of energy and daring in their public men. If those men had a corresponding confidence in themselves, or a true devotion to the cause of liberal principles, they would not hesitate to tell the people their faults, and put them in the way of right. But the fact is, that the men who seek public distinction, do so more from the love of place than the love of truth. Their ambition is for gain rather than for glory. Scarcely an individual of independent fortune enters the political ranks. Almost all public men are adventurers in America.

Neither Webster nor Van Buren are treated by Mr. Grattan with any especial reticence. The following description of Van Buren's personal qualities is rather a successful instance of carrying the Macaulay style of brilliantly-balanced contrast into the negative portraiture of a respectable nonentity:—

He was sufficiently well-mannered, with an air of mingled self-esteem and self-control, not over-candid, nor yet showing too many under-bred indications of caution. He gave no direct evidence of constraint, yet had none of the frankness that captivates at first sight. He was at his ease without cordiality, and talked freely without being fluent. Too much a man of the world to be off his guard for a moment, yet too little of one not to give the notion that he was standing, in a measure, on the defensive. He said many obliging things without seeming to feel them; and, without anything downright artificial in his bearing, he did not appear altogether natural. His urbanity seemed rather acquired than instinctive; and his tone altogether the effect of calculation rather than impulse.

In Webster's case, it was not power or intellect that was wanting. As an orator, Mr. Grattan thinks he was rather over-rated; and compares him not advantageously with O'Connell in his political circumstances and character. A different modification of oratorical power is probably needed to wield at will the fierce democracy of an Irish or an American mob. It was the moral ballast in which Webster's nature was defective. Mr. Grattan brings forward his conduct on the question of the North-Eastern boundary as the most prominent instance of a diplomatic meanness in the suppression of truth which was not unfrequent in his career. The share taken by Mr. Grattan in the negotiations which terminated in the Ashburton treaty may probably have strengthened his sense of injured public morality by the disgust of having been personally outaced by the impudent assertion of the American claims. The contention by the agents for the United States that the line of the treaty of 1783 should be drawn along the range of highlands to the north of the St. John river, while they had in their secret possession indisputable evidence in Dr. Franklin's original map that the framers of the treaty had drawn it along the hills to the south, was morally dishonest enough to have rankled long in the minds of the actual players of the diplomatic game, who had thrown their cards on the table, and been defeated by their unblushing adversaries. Webster's behaviour in the business was not worse than that of most of his countrymen, who approved the manner in which the Britishers had been done. It would be difficult to find an instance of sharper international practice in modern history. But the main object, for the attainment of which Sir Robert Peel had knowingly compromised part of a just claim, was in fact attained by the settlement of the question. We can hardly sympathize with the hope of Mr. Grattan (happy as an Irishman in the remotest prospect of getting up a row), that it may some day be re-opened by a civilized and powerful population on the north bank of the St. John river, claiming its rights in the opposite territory "in defiance of the negative fraud recorded in these pages."

One of the few American politicians in whom Mr. Grattan did discover some honesty was Calhoun. It is perhaps impossible for a human being to commit himself thoroughly to the abstract doctrines of slavery without an honest conviction. A conversa-

tion which Mr. Grattan records as having taken place between himself and Calhoun on this subject is an exact counterpart of the speech in Congress so tersely reported in the *Biglow Poems*—

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he,
Human rights aint no more
Right to come on this floor,
No more than the man in the moon, sez he.

Mr. Grattan had ventured upon the rash assertion that most of the negroes would prefer liberty to bondage, and asked, by way of instance, for Calhoun's personal experience of this fact on the last occasion of his manumitting a slave:—

"I" exclaimed he, in surprise, and with somewhat of indignation in his tone; "I liberate a slave! God forbid that I should ever be guilty of such a crime. Ah, you little know my character if you believe me capable of doing so much wrong to a fellow-creature."

Calhoun was one of the few who, with Channing and Judge Story, protested in 1842 against the dishonesty of the American negotiators, in having kept back their knowledge of the authentic map on which was traced the line of the North-Eastern boundary, as fixed by the original treaty.

Among Mr. Grattan's personal reminiscences, the one great figure is Henry Clay. He holds him to have been the best embodiment of the national type. "Physically brave, morally resolute, of mighty talent, and generous heart, he took the first place by right, and kept it by courage." Yet, while in the zenith of his power and reputation as a statesman and an orator, and the idol of the great Whig party—which four years before had nominated as President Harrison, the insignificant "farmer of the North bend"—he was beaten by the scarcely known Democratic candidate, Polk. The history of successive Presidential elections is one of the strangest portions of the chronicles of the United States.

LA PLATA, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION, AND PARAGUAY.*

MR. CARLYLE, in his *Essay on Dr. Francia*, describes the great South American Continent, "with its confused revolution and set of revolutions," as "a great confused phenomenon, worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it." To most Europeans the countries watered by the Plata river and its tributaries are hardly better known than were to the Romans of Horace's time *qua loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes*. This ignorance is not so much owing to deficiency of materials as to lack of curiosity. The work of Sir Woodbine Parish *On Buenos Ayres and the Plate River*, Mr. MacCann's entertaining *Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Confederation*, and the *Letters of the late C. B. Mansfield*, posthumously published under the editorship of Mr. Kingsley, on *Paraguay, Brazil, and the Plate*—to mention only recent English books—contain much varied and valuable information. The same may be said, in even a higher degree, of the narrative before us, in which Captain Page relates the history of the American Exploring Expedition, under his command, during the three years from 1853 to 1856.

The Plate River, which, however, is rather an estuary than a river, was first entered by a European ship in 1515, under the command of Don Juan Diaz de Solis, pilot of Castile. The name which it now bears was given it by Sebastian Cabot, who thought that he had found in it and its tributaries, the Parana and Paraguay, which he navigated to a considerable distance, a "highway to Eldorado." In this name, and in that of the "Argentine" Confederation, we find a record of the expectations which urged the first Spanish settlers and guided the policy of the Council of the Indies until the revolt of the South American dependencies. The *auri sacra fames*, in its most literal sense, was their impelling motive. The doctrine of the "balance of trade"—the notion that wealth consisted exclusively in the precious metals—that the interest of each country lay in importing from every other as much money and as few commodities, and exporting in return as little money and as many commodities, as possible—and consequently that the commercial gains of one nation were losses to all others—was the fundamental idea of the system pursued by the Spaniards towards their South American settlements. The rich resources of the country, in its soil and climate, were undeveloped; commerce and industry were checked, and virtually annihilated by restrictions and monopolies of various kinds, and only revived with the springing up of a contraband trade with England and Portugal. The permanent settlement in the country of Spanish emigrants, which might have given rise to a colonial community, was hindered by the contemptuous exclusion of the Creoles from public duties and social consideration. All places of honour, profit, and authority were given to native Spaniards, who, after serving for the prescribed term, and achieving the fortunes they set out to make, returned home. Lands were assigned on a scale which rivalled the Roman *latifundia*, and which made their proper cultivation impossible in the dearth of labour which the policy of the mother country rendered inevitable. These circumstances explain sufficiently well why the richest soils of the South American continent still remain unimproved, and its most attractive regions are simply

* *La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay*. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata and adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the Orders of the United States Government. By Thomas J. Page, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and numerous Engravings. London: Trübner and Co. 1859.

grazing-grounds for herds of wild cattle. The estancia, or cattle farm of General Urquiza, the present President of the Argentine Confederation, which Captain Page visited, embraced "in one unbroken section of Entre Rios, several hundred square miles." The alternation of anarchy and despotism which constitutes the history of most of the South American Republics since their independence, is, in like manner, the natural result of the political degradation of the Creoles, who, undisciplined to freedom and self-government, were suddenly called to the exercise of the one and the unrestricted enjoyment of the other.

Notwithstanding this harsh and unjust treatment, the loyalty of the Spanish Americans of La Plata was conspicuously shown in their successful resistance of the British expedition against Buenos Ayres, under Sir Home Popham and Generals Beresford and Whitelock, in 1806-7, and in their fidelity to the Bourbons after the assumption of the Spanish crown by Joseph Bonaparte. Their virtual independence dates from the year 1808. It was not till 1816, at the Congress of Tucuman, where deputies from all the Provinces met, that the formal declaration of independence was drawn up which united the thirteen Provinces of La Plata into the Argentine Republic. As early as the year 1810, Paraguay asserted her independence both of Spain and of the other States of La Plata, which was acknowledged in the following year by Buenos Ayres, and which, under the presidency successively of Francia and Lopez, she has enjoyed without domestic disturbance, or, until the dispute with the United States arising out of the affair of the *Waterwitch*, just now terminated, any serious foreign embroilment. The domestic history of the Argentine Republic is the history of the contentions of the Unitarian and Federalist parties, and of the several Provinces one with another, involving a chronic state of anarchy and civil war. The election, in 1835, of Rosas, who had formerly been governor of Buenos Ayres, and the leader of the Federal party, to the Presidency of the entire Confederation, with absolute power, restored, or rather first introduced, the order and tranquillity which his subsequent policy disturbed.

The province of Buenos Ayres was provisionally entrusted with the administration of federal business, especially as regarded the relations of the Republic with foreign powers. Its geographical position as the only sea-bordering province rendered this arrangement natural in a time of social confusion. Mistress of the situation, she used it to her own advantage, and strove to convert her temporary ascendancy into permanent political supremacy. Commanding the channel of the Rio de la Plata, and the mouths of the Parana and Uruguay Rivers, she aimed at, and secured, a monopoly of the trade of these rivers, which were closed to foreign flags. The measures of Rosas led to the blockade of the city of Buenos Ayres by the English and French in 1845, and the seizure of his fleet. The blockade was raised by the English in 1848, by the French in 1849, nothing permanent having been effected. In 1852, an alliance was formed between the Republics of Paraguay and Uruguay, the Argentine provinces of Entre Rios and Corrientes, and the empire of Brazil, for the deposition of Rosas. He was defeated by General Urquiza, at the battle of Monte Caseros, on the 3rd of February, 1852, and fled to England. Urquiza was chosen Provisional Director of the Argentine Confederation. On the 23rd of August, 1852, a decree was issued by him, "declaring the navigation of the rivers of the Confederation free to all flags, the decree to take effect the 1st of October of the same year." The United States, with characteristic promptitude, were the first to take advantage of the new field opened out to commercial enterprise. An expedition to La Plata was fitted out, and placed under the command of Captain Page, in February, 1853, "charged to explore its rivers, and to report on the extent of their navigability and adaptation to commerce," and also "to penetrate into the interior of the countries of La Plata, to examine their agricultural resources, and to make . . . collections in natural history." Misunderstandings with Lopez, the Dictator-President of Paraguay, interfered to some extent with the complete carrying out of these instructions. Captain Page's survey, however, "embraced a river and land exploration of a little more than 9000 miles, in a country almost unknown, and established the navigability of waters of which the natives themselves were ignorant." In a vessel drawing nine feet of water, he ascended the Parana and Paraguay to Corumba, in Brazil, a distance along the course of the rivers of 2000 miles from Buenos Ayres, and was prevented by the prohibition of the Brazilian Government—afterwards withdrawn, but too late for him to avail himself of the concession—and not by natural obstacles, from penetrating to the head-waters of the Paraguay. The navigability of the Salado, one of the principal tributaries of the Parana, flowing through the centre of the Argentine Confederation, was established for 800 miles above its junction with the latter river. A land tour of 600 miles through the most populous districts of Paraguay, and of 3800 miles through the Argentine Territory, from Santa Fe to Salta, made him acquainted with the agricultural resources and general commercial capabilities of these countries. On this subject we quote Captain Page's own words:—

All the great rivers of La Plata flow from the finest mineral districts of the world; but this valley has yet richer mines in its varied and fertile soil, and in the wealth of the vegetable kingdom, which is marvellous. In ascending continuously from the Capes of La Plata to Martin Garcia, from the fragrant isles of the Parana to the fruitful wilds of Brazil, in river and land explorations of over eight thousand miles, we found every indigenous variety

of tropical vegetation; passed forests of precious woods, interrupted only by extended plains carpeted with vigorous grasses, and capable of supporting an incalculable number of horned cattle. Again, I entered populous districts, and witnessed a demonstration of all the capabilities of the soil for agricultural wealth; but the inhabitants of these districts, not stimulated to exertion by exterior commerce, have heretofore pursued agriculture only as a means of supplying the demand for home consumption. When small fields of cotton, tobacco, and sugar are sufficient for the wants of a few families, there is no inducement to form great plantations; but having seen these articles grown to the perfection of maturity, with but little culture, and even spontaneously, I can readily imagine that in a few years they would become staples.

We brought home sections of a variety of woods, and of their indestructible qualities I had some opportunity of judging in my frequent visits to the abandoned missions of the Jesuits in Paraguay, where the finest wood-work—columns, statuary, and roofing—exposed to the action of the elements for more than two centuries, were as untouched by time as granite or iron. "A ship built of Paraguay wood," says Azara, "will outlast four of European timber." The economy of nature also is most wonderful and beautiful. In the edible fruits, foliage, barks, fibres, and juices of its great forest trees, as well as in those of every species of minor vegetation, we find farinaceous food, a stimulant, or tea, more healthful than that afforded by the Chinese leaf, precious medicines, raw materials for the finest tissues and the most useful fabrics, dye-stuffs offering varied and unfading tinges, gums, resins. This exuberance of vegetable life is united with a climate as delicious as it is salubrious.

The renewal of the feud between Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Confederation, and the shifty and inconsistent policy of Lopez in Paraguay, who has occasionally shown a disposition to revert to the system of exclusion pursued by Francia, have stood in the way of the liberal designs of Urquiza. If these designs are persisted in, and successfully carried through, a field of unrivalled resources and extent will be opened to emigration and commercial enterprise. The free navigation of the La Plata rivers would bring into communication with the Atlantic a region of not less than 800,000 square miles, hitherto absolutely secluded from intercourse with the rest of the world. The thriftless indolence of the Hispano-American peoples may be accounted for as the necessary result of their history during their dependence on Spain, and since the Revolution, and need not necessarily be attributed to any inherent defects of race and temperament. No adequate inducement to labour has been presented to them.

Captain Page's narrative, though it would admit of curtailment and condensation with advantage, may be read with interest. It contains interesting sketches of the Presidents Urquiza and Lopez, and other South American notabilities, and throws some light on the social condition of the people of the Riverine States. The author fulfils Dr. Johnson's condition, that the traveller who would bring knowledge home must take knowledge out with him.

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No. IX.

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No. XI.

1. ELY CATHEDRAL.
2. THE PILGRIMS' STAIRCASE, CANTERBURY.
3. PONT-Y-PANT, NORTH WALES.

No. XII.

1. THE TORC WATERFALL, KILLARNEY.
2. MUSEUM OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.
3. THE DARGLE HOLE, WICKLOW.

[On June 1st.]

No. XIII.

1. TEMPLE COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES, No. 1.
2. TEMPLE COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES, No. 2.
3. TEMPLE COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES, No. 3.

[On July 1st.]

No. XIV.

1. ASSAFOETIDA PLANT IN FLOWER.
2. PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.
3. THE MEGATHERIUM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

[On August 1st.]

No. XV.

1. IVORY, THE TEMPTATION, BRITISH MUSEUM.
2. IVORY, JESUS AND ANGELS. Do.
3. IVORY, MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE. Do.

[On September 1st.]

No. XVI.

(Completing Vol. I.)

1. RUINS AT CLONMACNOISE.
2. GROUP OF CORALS, BRITISH MUSEUM.
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[On October 1st.]

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